THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 11, 1929
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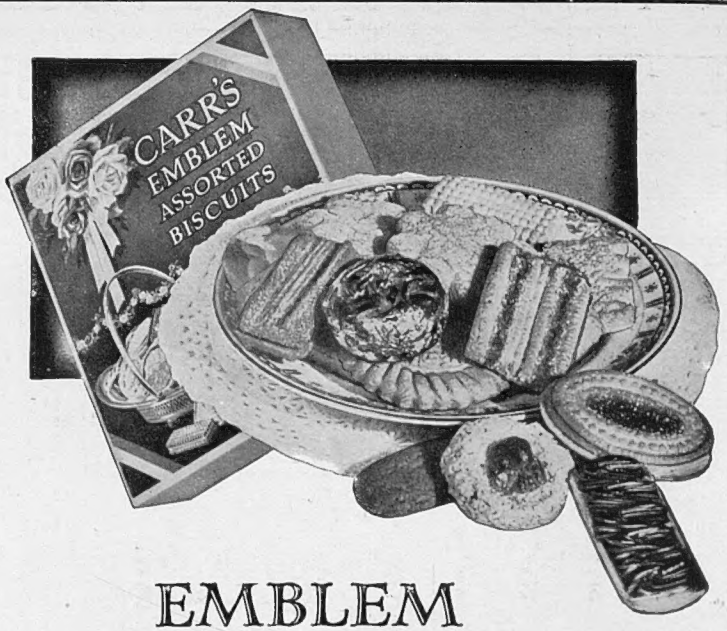

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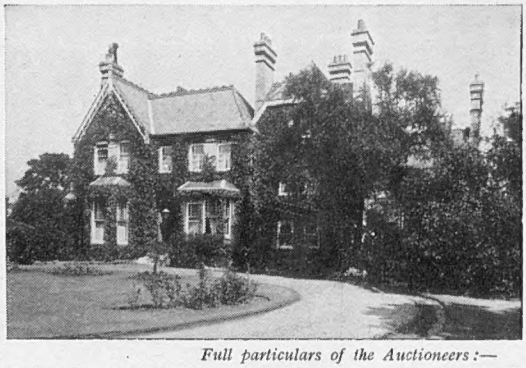

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The
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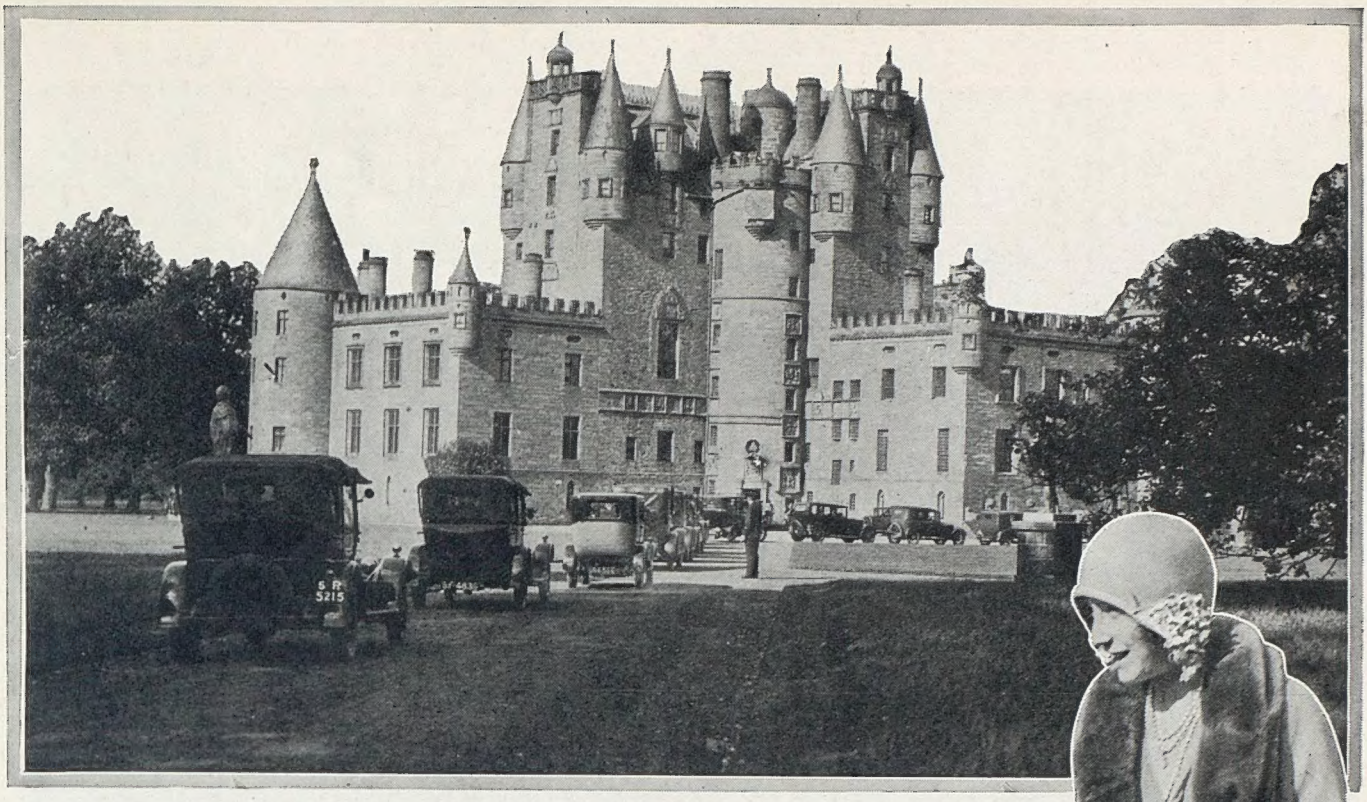


A view of Glamis Castle, where the Earl and Countess of Strathmore gave a garden-party recently. Some of the many cars of their guests are seen on their way up the drive

The Passing Hour

Wedding Bells Follow Holidays

THE story of this year's holidays is a story that will be told in a peal of wedding bells. During the past month engagements were few; now, with the return home, announcements of marriages-to-be fall thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. One of the most conspicuous is that of the Swedish Minister's daughter, Baronne Margareta Palmstierna. Nights on a gondola in Venice's canals, days in the Swiss heights or upon the sun-baked rocks of Antibes, even amidst Scotland's mists or the clamorous crowds on South Coast piers, have combined to defeat the cynics and set fire to susceptible hearts. That they may be certain they have not been misled by a moment of Quixotic impulse, some of the *fiancés* will, perhaps, spend a day this week listening to the speeches of the Third International Congress of the League of Sexual Reform, when such protagonists of scientific and eugenic love as Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Miles Malleson and Mr. Laurence Housman will adumbrate their ideals of what true love should be. But the great obstacle, of course, is to make love, as well as the lovers, listen and to obey.

Lord Lascelles Announces a Marriage

A HOLIDAY in India was the origin of the engagement that next month culminates in the first important marriage of the autumn season, between Miss Marcia Lane-Fox and Captain F. G. W. Jackson, of the Royal Horse Guards. Lord Lascelles announced their engagement at the Bramham Moor Hunt puppy show at the beginning of August. Lord Lascelles and the bride's father, Colonel Lane-Fox, were joint masters of the Bramham Moor Hunt until Lord Lascelles took over sole responsibility himself. It was while she was staying with her uncle, Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, that Miss Lane-Fox met Captain Jackson, who was a member of the Viceroy's staff.

Fun of the Fair at Oban

THE Oban Games and Balls are now in full swing, or, rather, full reel, for at no other time, save one night at the Caledonian Ball, does the Scot have such opportunity for his

Mitchell Laing

The Duchess of York with little Princess Elizabeth at Glamis Castle. The little princess danced with great glee to the pipes

THE LATEST DRAMA

"Seldom has any launching of Paris fashions been so dramatic as that of autumn, 1929," says Miss Blanche B. Elliott, the fashion expert. Turn to pages 568 and 570 and read what she says about the startling new autumn fashions

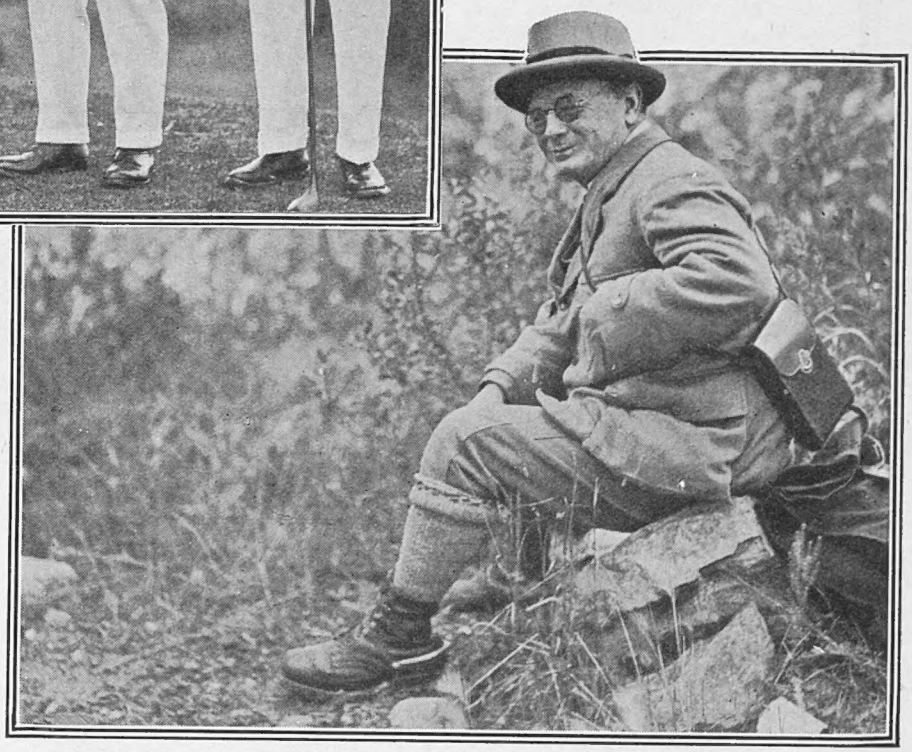
MAINLY ABOUT MERE MAN

Canada at the moment is very much to the fore, and with America clamouring for the reduction in Britain's Naval armaments, what time she increases her own, the above photograph of H.M.S. Despatch, the flagship of our American and West Indies Squadron, anchored in Murray Bay, Quebec, is of interest. On the left are Mr W. H. Coverdale, the President of the Canada Steamship lines, at the Manoire Richelieu, Quebec's summer resort, Mrs. Coverdale, Vice-Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, C.-in-C. America and West Indies Station, and Flag-Lieutenant Eveleigh, R.N.

vigorous, picturesque native dance. I only hope it is keeping cool for him. Lady Massereene and Ferrard, who has been entertaining a series of house parties at Loch Buie House, on the Island of Mull, will be taking a posse of guests daily and nightly to the meeting and the dances.

North o' The Tweed

EX-KING GEORGE OF GREECE has been staying at Loch Buie House, and a number of other distinguished people, such as Lord Wharncliffe, Lady Wodehouse, the Earl of Jersey, Miss Loeffler, the American heiress, and Viscount Elmley, not long returned from Paris, where he was occasionally to be seen with one whom any young man might envy as the most genial and instructive of companions, Miss Elinor Glynn.



MR. AMERY ON MT. AMERY

We are glad to see the former Secretary of State for the Dominions climbing the Canadian mountain bearing his name. But it seems a pity that he won't tackle Snowden and let the world see that the National Party is not, after all, an extinct volcano

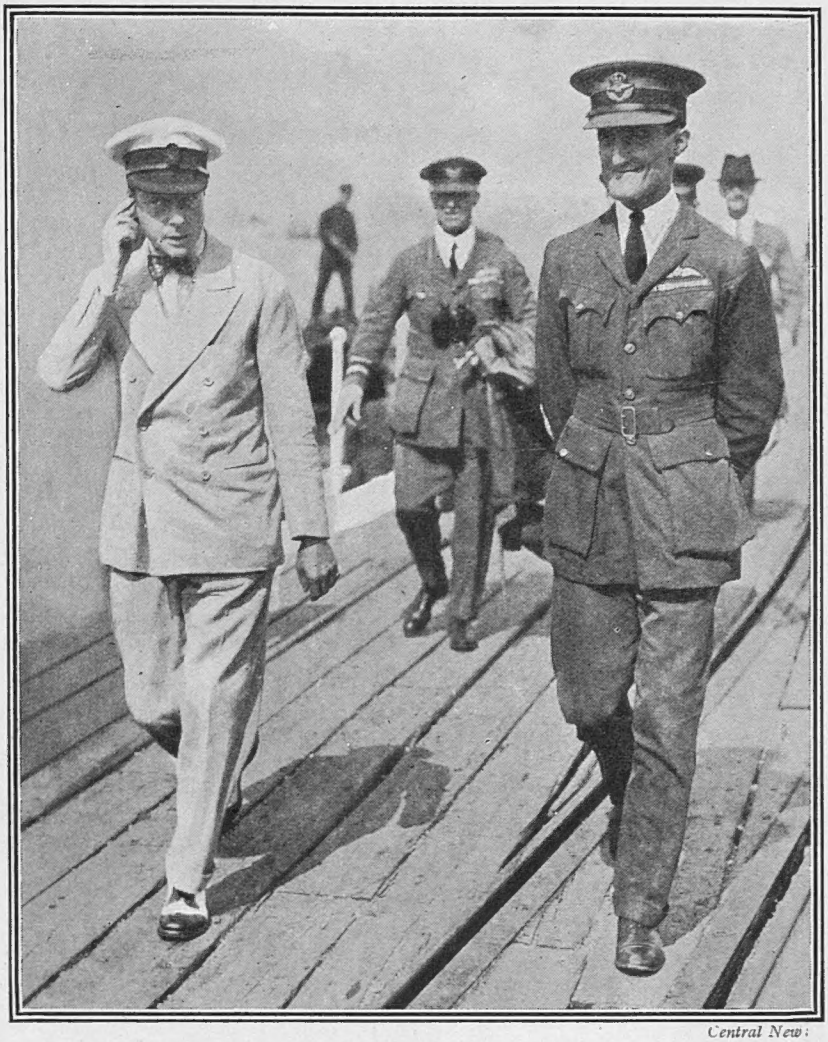
PERSONALITIES OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

The Cloven Hoof

THE Socialist Government is beginning to show the cloven hoof. Not that it is in the least degree surprising, because Internationalism is an incurable political disease, or only curable by a firing party or by being boiled in oil. The Prime Minister goes dashing over to Geneva and proclaims with gusto that the British Government is prepared to surrender her sovereignty at the behest of The Hague. For what is this euphemistic term, "The Optional Clause," that looks so innocent? It means that proud England surrenders her sovereignty and accepts as compulsory the jurisdiction of a foreign Court in matters such as treaty, questions of international law, and any dispute between ourselves and another power. Thus, before long, Egypt and other small snippets may be able to bring us on the carpet. Our hard-won freedom is exchanged for subservience to a foreign Court, and our nationalism is exchanged for internationalism and catchwords.

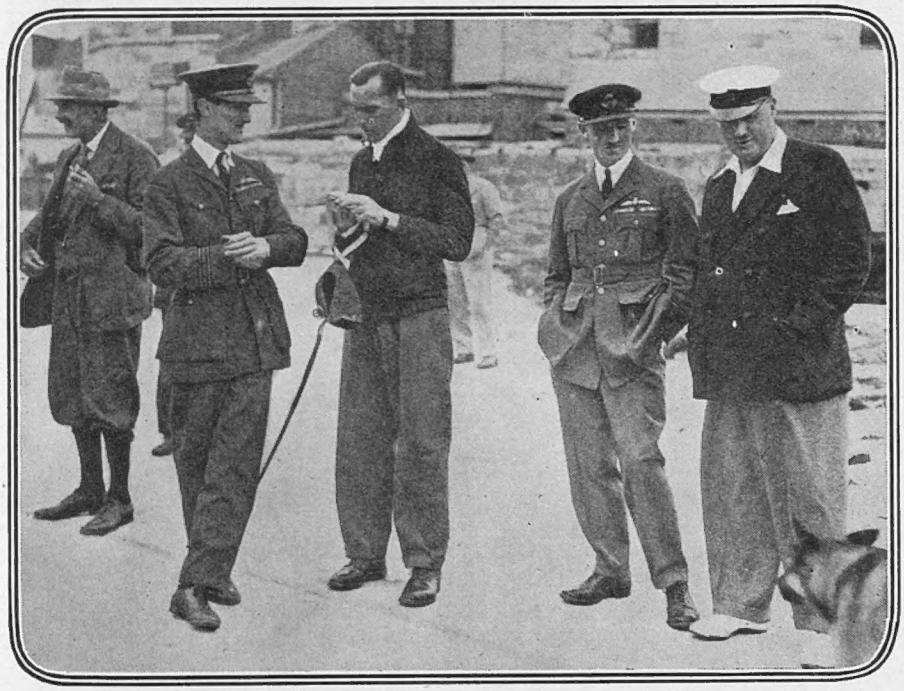
Imperilling the Empire

NOT content with that, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is flirting with "Naval parity" between ourselves and the United States. We have said in this paper, and our voice is almost solitary, that the Americans since the War have increased their Navy by 50 per cent., whilst ours has been cut down by 47 per cent.; and that whereas in 1927-28 the United States spent 10 millions sterling less upon her Navy than we, who, with our far-flung Empire, have to police the oceans of the world. This year her estimates are for 40 millions sterling above the British. "Parity" is a blessed word that means paring down the British naval defence and building up America's so that she has us at a disadvantage if so unhappy an event occurs as a dispute. What have our great "national" papers got to say about this? Have they given their readers the facts? Does none of them realise that by paper covenants and signing away our sovereignty we are stripping ourselves of national defence in return for a few cheap slogans? What are the Tories doing? Where is the great Conservative leader, Mr. Stanley Baldwin? As silent as the tomb! Mr. Winston Churchill in Canada is the only man with the courage and conviction to call a spade a spade and show us the danger of this Socialist Internationalism that is scuttling us from Egypt and imperilling the very existence not only of the Empire, but of our homes. Yes, certainly the cloven hoof, and a devilish big one it is!



Central News

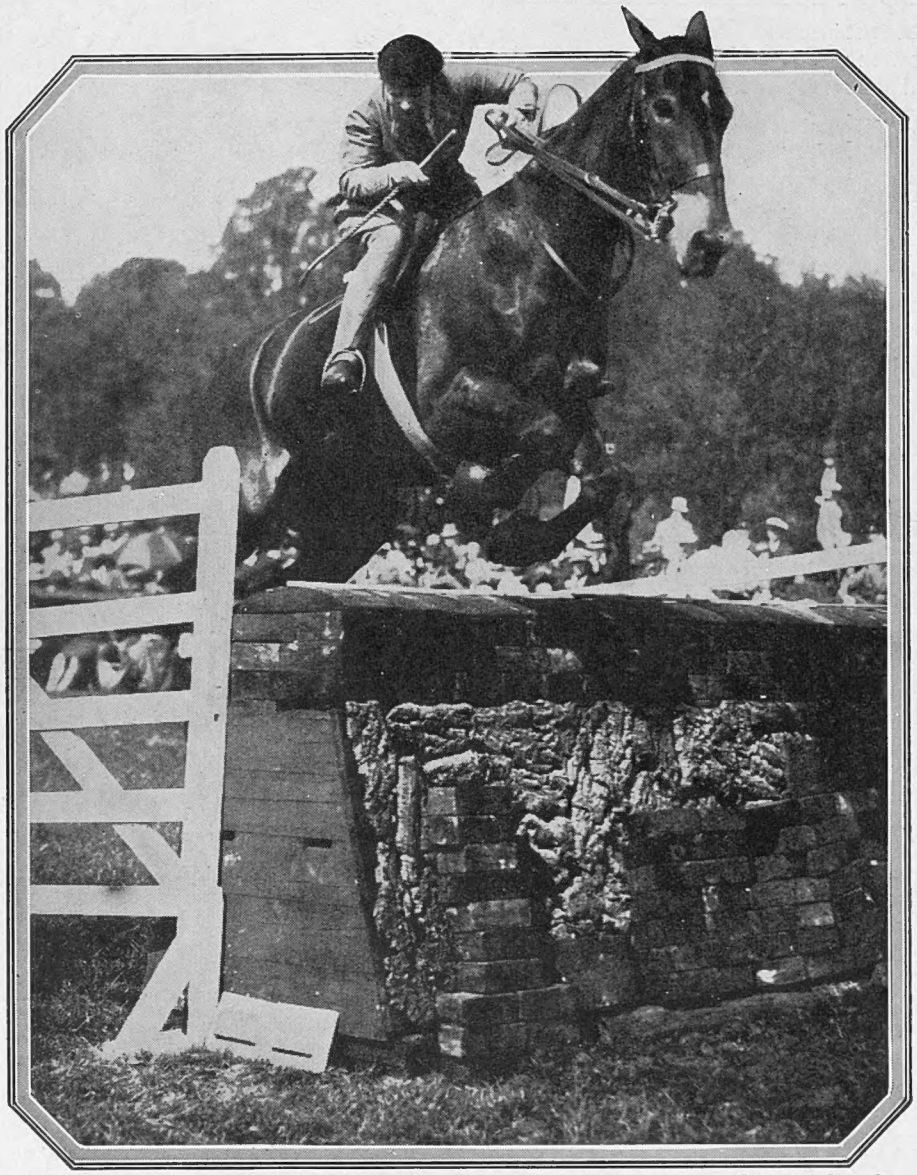
The Prince of Wales with Squadron-Leader Orlebar, who captained the British Schneider Trophy team, on his visit to Calshot to inspect the machines. His Royal Highness flew specially from Sandringham to Calshot to witness the contest



Keystone

Flying-Officer Atcherley, who put up some wonderful performances in practice flights and is perhaps the best of all our Schneider Trophy pilots, chatting with Squadron-Leader Orlebar (left). On the other side of him is Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, another of our Schneider Trophy pilots

A BLOW TO BRITISH BOLSHIES



Sport and General

A SPLENDID JUMP AT BATH

Lady Wright, the wife of the Hon. Sir Robert Wright, taking a stone wall in splendid style on her horse "Toby" at the Bath Horse Show. She entered as Miss M. A. Bullows, her maiden name

The Reward of Industry

THE career of the late Lord Mersey might well hold as the ideal pattern of success at the Bar for many young barristers to-day whose ambition is denied exceptional talent. For Lord Mersey instanced the success of hard work and unremitting effort, qualities, I am told, that are not so apparent to-day in the Inns of Court as they were. Only a month or so ago a friend of mine visited him at his home at Littlehampton, and though he found him a comparative invalid, he was quite able to enjoy an exchange of personal reminiscence, and it was his gift of recounting an amusing story or some piece of gossip that made his friendship particularly delightful for younger men. My friend was connected with the inquiry into the sinking of the Vestris, which had interest for Lord Mersey in that he was the Commissioner appointed to inquire into those two tragic catastrophes of the sea, the loss of the Titanic and that of the Lusitania. His explanation of why he had chosen Mersey as his title when he retired from the Bench in 1910, because he was "leaving the Atlantic to F. E. Smith," reveals a wit that occasionally leavened his otherwise deliberate and ponderous manner of speech. Lord Mersey was a member of the South African Committee appointed to enquire into the Jameson Raid, and during the inquiry a witness made reference to an important speech he had made in the Dominion Parliament which had lasted seven and a half hours. Lord Mersey's patience had been severely tried by this witness. "If it is of such vital urgency," he interjected, "perhaps the honourable gentleman would give us the speech again now?"

A Rebuff for Our Communists

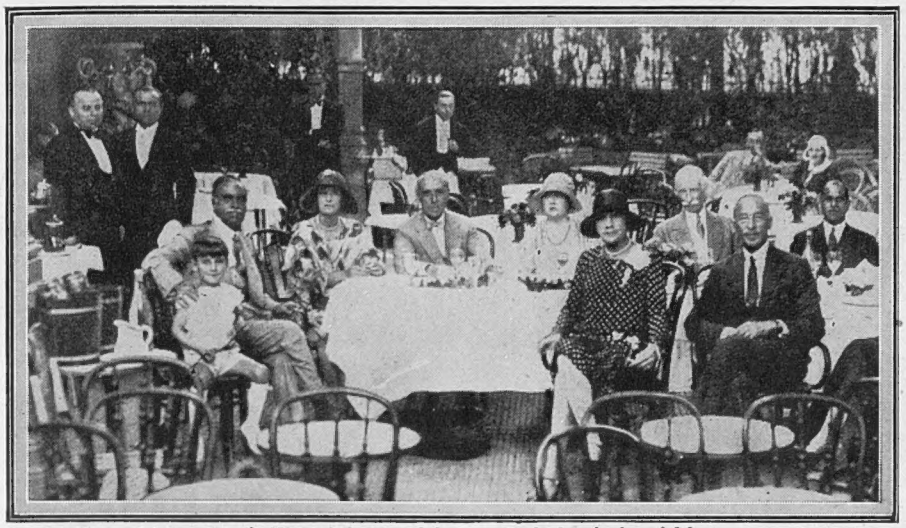
THE translation of the *Daily Herald* from Socialist proprietorship to private enterprise must be a severe smack in the face for those fervid idolisers of Bolshevism and of the Communist State. Now that Odhams Press have obtained 51 per cent. of the shares—the remaining 49 per cent. are to be held by the Trades Union General Council—they will no doubt lighten some of its dreary propaganda that has deadened the character of its pages. No newspaper can achieve success if every inch of its space reflects a partisan attitude, and the *Daily Herald's* constant class-war bellicosity was in a measure as irritating and as dull as the aggressive "Diehard" policy that now and again breaks out through the pages of the *Morning Post*. Private enterprise, however, will doubtless avoid the pitfall of allowing its political prejudices to interfere with its independent service as a newspaper.

Sensational Measures of Safety

IT has been announced that the greatest precautions will be taken for the security of the pictures to be

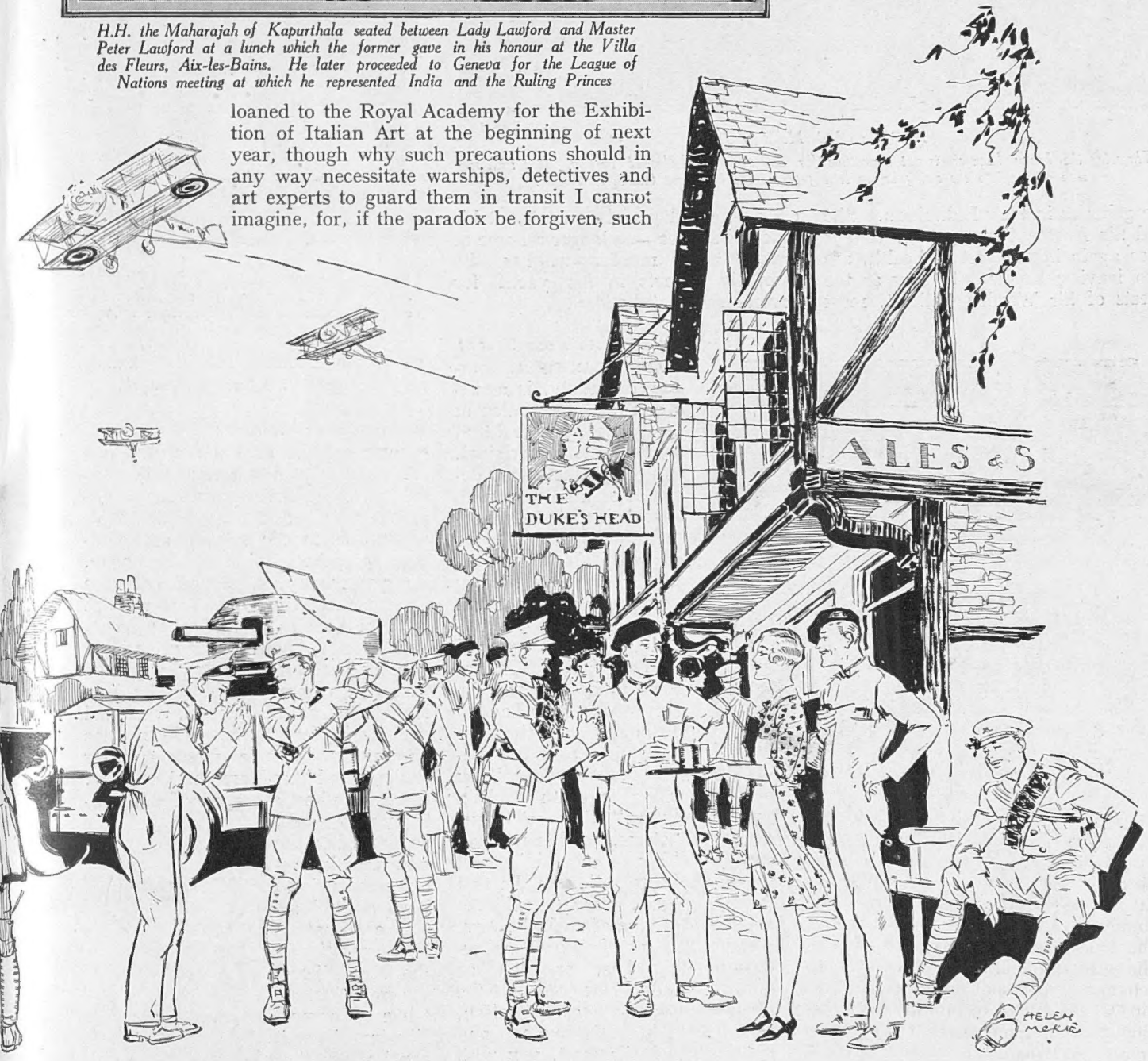
An incident during the recent Territorial manœuvres

INDIA'S REPRESENTATIVE PRINCE



H.H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala seated between Lady Lawford and Master Peter Lawford at a lunch which the former gave in his honour at the Villa des Fleurs, Aix-les-Bains. He later proceeded to Geneva for the League of Nations meeting at which he represented India and the Ruling Princes

pictures are worthless to anyone who attempted to steal them, for the very good reason that their fame would immediately reveal their identity if they were sold. The composition and whereabouts of all acknowledged masterpieces are known to every art expert throughout the world, and these lurid details of their protection suggest popular publicity rather than necessity. The only precautions required are those to ensure the pictures against any likelihood of damage. Lady (Austen) Chamberlain, who is chairman of the organising committee, is shortly visiting Barcelona, partly in order to see the manner in which they have arranged loaned to the Royal Academy for the Exhibition of Italian Art at the beginning of next year, though why such precautions should in any way necessitate warships, detectives and art experts to guard them in transit I cannot imagine, for, if the paradox be forgiven, such

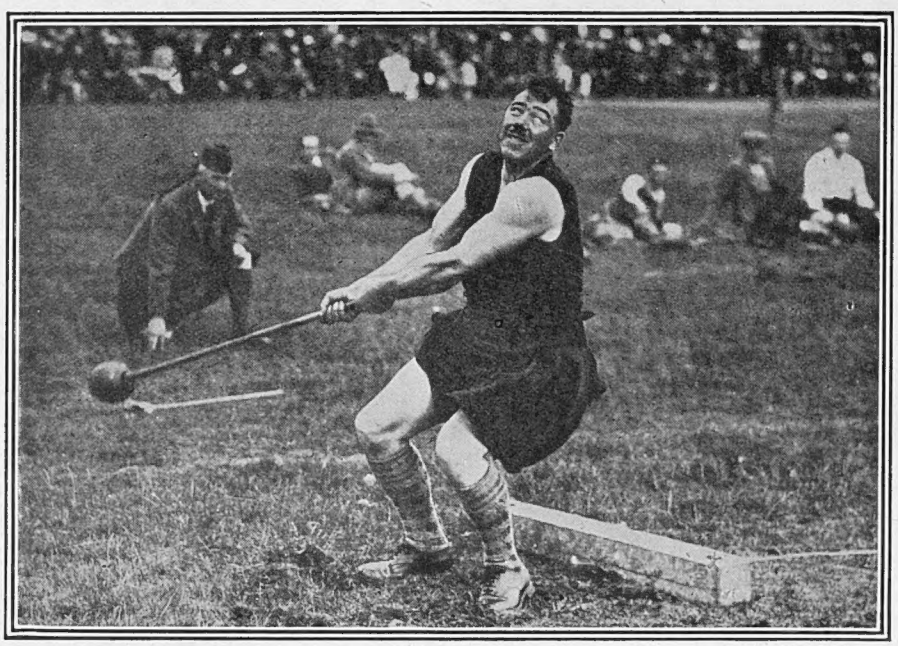


By Helen McKie

AND TANKARDS—A WELCOME HALT DURING THE TERRITORIAL MANŒUVRES

which proves that a healthy outdoor life and exercise creates a healthy outdoor thirst. If the disciples of International pacifism have their way, and most measures of national defence go by the board, the Terriers may cease to be

THE STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS



Fox Photos

A "STRONG MAN ACT"

Throwing the heavy hammer is not a pastime for any except full-blooded he-men. One such is seen getting into the swing before letting fly at the Highland Games at Aboyne

Sport and General

Admiral R. B. Farquhar (left) and Colonel Batsie enjoying themselves at the Highland Games at Aboyne

the galleries in their Exhibition. She and Sir Austen Chamberlain, who is once again in the best of health, are also leaving England to stay as the guests of Sir Warden Chilcott, most charming and genial of hosts, at his place in Corsica—no longer a home of Mafia and murder—whither he annually departs in his yacht for several months' holiday.

A SUNSHINE BRIDE

Mr. Charles Derrick Campion, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Campion, of New Barnet, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, with his bride, Miss Vera Gammage. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Gammage, of Potters Bar

Say it With Rose Trees!

LADY CHAMBERLAIN, incidentally, is assisting in the organisation of a new charity appeal that is particularly original, and the public to-day demands originality in such appeals if their fullest co-operation is to be secured. In fact, the greater their originality the greater their success. This newest form of appeal has been organised by the British Charities Association under the name of the Rose Lovers' Hospital Fund, the idea being that everyone becomes a 'gardener" by selling four 'roots," a "root" then sells four 'stems," and so through "branches" and 'sprays," until the first "rose tree' achieves the sum of 1,364 shillings. If, as Lady Chamberlain has, as well as Lady Macclesfield, the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Ormonde and Lady Emmott, you wish to become a "gardener" and to start a "rose tree," you should at once write to the Secretary, The Rose Lovers' Hospital Fund, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Dining Under the Stars

TWO aspects of Paris strike one agreeably at this time of year—the increasing development of modern architecture and the delightful restaurants in the sylvan surroundings of the Bois de Boulogne. Everywhere manifestation of the French architects' imaginative work is to be seen in original shop fronts and interiors, new means of indirect lighting and a stimulating escape from the commonplace. The Rue Mallet-Stevens at Auteuil, designed entirely in the modern manner, has become as much a pilgrimage for students as Notre-Dame or Versailles. One of the best examples of this contemporary work, as applied to the most practical requirements, is to be found at "The Chateau Frontenac," in the Rue Pierre-Charron, just off the Champs-Elysées. Here it can be seen that modern decoration is nothing of which to be frightened, its

ENERGY AT THE ABOYNE GAMES

Keystone View

THE "GAY GORDONS'" LAIRDS

The Marquis of Aberdeen (left) and his kinsman, the Marquis of Huntly, at the Aboyne Highland Games

Keystone View

ANOTHER HIGHLAND FLING

A certain "robustuousness" marks the Highland Games as witness the two stalwart gentlemen seen engaging in a bout of wrestling at the Aboyne Games

RACING HINTS

Add to the list already published the names given below.

MERRY MIRA
(F., by Golden Boss).
Owner, Mr. J. St. V. Fox. Trainer, J. Jarvis. This filly has not been over raced, having been out four times only during the season. Her most recent performance was a fourth to Papireto in the Harrington Plate (five furlongs) at Derby. Inspired money was invested on her on this occasion.

STRATAGEM
(B.C., by Stratford—Isle of Beauty).
Owner, Mrs. D. Saunders. Trainer, Bennett. Was backed from 10 to 1 down to 9 to 2 when running fourth to Tremble in the Juvenile (S.) Plate (five furlongs) at Lewes. His chance was extinguished by a bad beginning, and I have every confidence in him.

PLAGUE
(Bl. or Br. C., by Plato—Santair's Fairy).
Owner, Lord Queensborough. Trainer, G. Bennett.
Was well backed when fourth to Broken Tendril in the Firle (S.) Plate (six furlongs) at Lewes. He is one to make a note of for a race over five furlongs.

FIRST OFFENCE
(Ch. H., by White Eagle—Polar Belle).
Owner, Mr. R. Cornelius. Trainer, Butcners).
Has been very disappointing so far this season, having been placed on six occasions. As he is "at home" "over the sticks," he is a likely sort to pop up at one of the early jumping meetings.

AIDE-DE-CAMP
(B.C., by Poltava—Maid-in-Waiting).
Owner, Mr. H. Stobart. Trainer, R. W. Colling.
When running third to Roral in the Gimcrack Stakes (six furlongs) at York, gave the impression of being a stayer. Should be made particular note of for a distance nursery.

COMERIE
(B.F., by Syndrian—Spring Maiden).
Owner, Mr. C. C. Herbert. Trainer, Farquharson.
This filly has not yet confirmed the high opinion that was formed of her when splitting Blenheim and Diolite at Newbury Spring Meeting, but do not allow her to run without "a bit on" during the nursery season.

"OLD ORKNEY"

Grecian simplicity coupled with modern comfort and the necessity of colour seem to me the most ideal and practical form of furnishing to-day. During the hot weather, however, even Paris night clubs pall, and it is sufficient just to dine at Armènonville, the Chateau de Madrid in the Bois, or amidst the floral magnificence of the Ambassadeurs, where the sliding roof lets in the stars and whatever there may be of a cool night breeze.

An Indian Prince at Geneva

THE Maharajah of Kapurthalà, who is representing India and the Ruling Princes at the Assembly of the League of Nations, spent a few days at Aix-les-Bains before leaving for Geneva, and Lady Lawford, who was also at Aix, gave a lunch in his honour. The Maharajah, the most dignified and intelligent of men, is the only Indian Prince who has had the unique honour of representing India for the third time at Geneva, a tribute to his statesmanlike qualities as well as to his keen participation in international politics. He is also exceedingly popular among the League diplomats. He intends to make a world tour before returning to India, and is first sailing for New York and America on the 26th. From there he proceeds to the Hawaiian Islands, and then to Japan, Indo-China, Siam and Ceylon, arriving at Bombay at the end of the year.

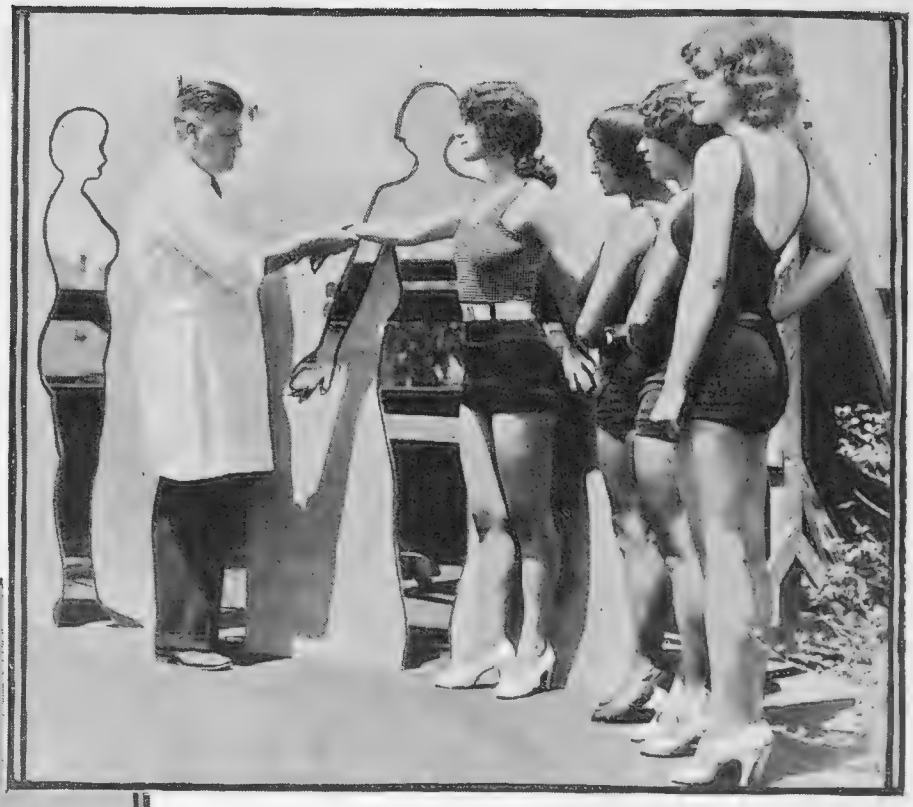
Lenare

BARONNE MARGARETA PALMSTIERNA

The daughter of Baron Palmstierna, the Swedish Minister to London, and Baroness Palmstierna. She is engaged to M. Francois de Seynes de Larlenque, of Paris

AMERICA'S YOUNG WOMEN

By "KIM"



GIVING THEM FITS P. and A.

Finalists in one of the innumerable "beautiful figure" contests waiting their turn to stand in a frame cut out to represent the perfect figure. "Dr." Charles H. Ward, head of the Los Angeles "Chiropractic College," is by the frame, which gives more accurate results than the rough estimates employed in the eliminating rounds which is shown on the opposite page

NEW YORK'S LATEST THRILL

The above "turn" is described by the New York publicity mongers as "Cannibal Caveman Gets His Woman. Shadarshya and Kuderoff, stars of a leading New York revue, demonstrating how South Sea Islanders capture their mates." The "turn" makes up in popularity for all it may lack in beauty!

I AM never going to assert that American girls are not attractive. Perhaps their looks and complexions are generally not equal to those of English girls, but that they cannot help. With their hybrid breeding it is remarkable that they are as pretty as they are, and beauty shops everywhere adjust any trifling inequalities of Nature.

THEY possess the art of dress. The average American girl has an innate instinct for seductive and becoming clothes, and she knows how to wear them. The American girl learns from a tender age how to be seductive towards the other sex. Medical statistics show that in the United States the sex stimulus occurs almost from babyhood. Dr. Edith Hocker, an authority on the early youth of America, says that "it is not very unusual for little ones of seven and eight to have lovers about their own age." It is beginning to be doubted in the land of "the Moral Giant of History" whether it is judicious, after all, to bring the sexes too closely together. Statistics on the subject are positively alarming.

JUDGE LINDSEY, of Denver, who has attracted a great deal of attention by two books entitled *The Revolt of Modern Youth* and *Companionate Marriage*, contends that the revolt of modern American youth is due to the "hypocritical shame of teachers and educators, of lawyers and doctors, of the clergy and the social uplift workers" who continue to bolster up a farce on a grand scale. His way out is "companionate marriages," or what we would call more honestly "trial marriages." It is apparently not denied that schoolboys and schoolgirls are thrown together in an atmosphere of cocktail parties, "petting," and "backing," and what is known as "strip poker," a game in which the participants, men and girls, gradually strip off all their clothes, which are recognised as part of the school curriculum, except by parents, who are always blind to their offsprings' vices.

IT is one of the strange anomalies of Americans that they, more than any other parents in the world, concentrate all their egotism in their progeny. Their boys are perfect boys, and their girls are as spotless as the angels, whatever other people's kids may be like. The home is always pure, and so must be their children. Only America could inflict the world with the sickly sentiment of "Sonny Boy" and hundreds of songs like it. Yet the awful fact emerges that, whilst new ideas and new ideals of domestic life are occurring everywhere, it is only in Russia and the United States that the family life and everything that the family has stood for has come to an abrupt end.

THE cause in both countries is at bottom the same. It is decadence and perverted views of sex equality.

"THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE"—ACCORDING TO PATTERN

Competitors in a "physical perfection" contest staged by the National Progressive Chiropractic Association of Los Angeles being fitted to patterns representing perfect figures. The judge is "Dr." C. H. Wood, the "Head" of the college

Two of the new backless bathing suits which reduce clothing to the very minimum. They are typical of the great interest America takes in the human form

The only difference is that in Russia they openly glorify it, and in America they blind themselves to it by a smoke screen of sentiment.

Companionate Marriage, openly advocated by Judge Lindsey, who is judge of the Juvenile Court at Denver City, and has authentic information at first hand, is marriage without formalities, and either party can break it off when they get tired with one another unless there are any babies.

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THE Judge blames the girls mostly for America's licence. The girls refuse to go out with boys who "lack pep," and don't know how to "love me up." "Generally, she sets the pace," says the Judge (in *Revolt*), and he dances to her piping."

Familiarity between the sexes is demonstrated in the intense interest taken in the human form. The Gossip writer in THE BYSTANDER last week affected surprise at the way film stars are photographed in clothes that cling and the *maillot* that moulds. He asks: "Is this Art?" It is to satisfy the craving for the American discovery of "sex appeal."

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THEY would be run in if they were photographed naked, so they must cover themselves with as little as the law will permit. But they take an intense interest in Beauty Competitions, and in measuring every part of women, and men, too. The public can imagine the rest.

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BUT let me be just to charming Miss America. The laws try to protect her. In Minnesota lovers are not permitted to use side curtains to the car in which they "pet" or "neck" unless it is raining, and in nearly every State, whilst *courtesans* may flourish, it is a criminal offence for couples to live together unmarried.

Bully for "The Moral Giant of History."

NEXT WEEK

"Kim" will write on "The Speakeasy Joke"

AT THE PLAY

THE GROWING IMPORTANCE OF THE

AMATEUR theatricals is a description which in years gone by conjured up a performance when those taking part in it inflicted upon unwilling friends a hackneyed play, generally produced in a hall unsuited for the purpose, and acted so badly that it was likely to cause merriment except when the performance was intended to be funny. There may be such performances given nowadays for all I know, but—there are also others.

THESE others are often given in first-class theatres or music-halls all over the country which are taken for a week. No one night show for them! There is hardly a big town in England or Scotland which does not have one operatic and dramatic society, and many towns have several. These societies often have a big paying—as distinct from playing—membership; the theatre they have taken is filled at every performance, and, unless the production is on a most expensive scale, a profit from the start is assured.

NOW people do not plank down hard cash year after year in order to be bored, or for the reason that they want to see "dear Phyllis act." In the past "dear Phyllis" often couldn't, but she has finished strutting her little hour upon the stage—at least so far as the important societies are concerned. These societies hold their membership on merit alone.

NOWADAYS the big shops, such as Selfridge's, the steamship companies, various branches of the Civil Service, large manufacturing businesses, etc., have their own operatic and dramatic societies, and, generally speaking, these societies have professional producers. If they do not, the amateur who undertakes the work knows his job almost as well as the professional. And they buckle to at their work with as much enthusiasm as any paid players. Greatly daring, they will undertake the most difficult productions. Grand Opera, in the shape of *La Gioconda,* was recently tackled by the Birmingham Grand Opera Society! I should not be surprised if *Rose Marie* produced on the gargantuan Drury Lane lines was not soon attempted—if it were considered good enough!

IF not to London productions, yet assuredly in many provincial places these amateurs are something of a menace to the professional companies, and many managers look with envious eyes at the financial support which is accorded the great unpaid who, as often as not, do not play for charity, but for the purpose of increasing their societies' own funds.

TO such as these some authors—like George Bernard Shaw—grant professional terms, while refusing to give

A stranded girl was Fay Eaton (Jane Baxter), who dearly loved Commander Baddeley (Reginald Gardiner), while Captain Maitland fell for Mary. The fourth figure is Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt, K.C.B., who is demanding an explanation, Sir and by gad! as to what young women are doing aboard ship

AMATEUR STAGE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Illustrations of "The Middle Watch" at the Shaftesbury Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

Bottom left: *Mary Carlton is a charming "Amurrican" girl who gets stranded on a warship with Fay Eaton, and they have to sleep the night on board. Mary's makeshift night attire was kindly provided by some officers, one of whom had, palpably, a pretty taste in pyjamas*

Lower centre: *But there was yet another female on board ship. This was the girls' chaperone, Charlotte Hopkinson (Vivienne Whitaker), who all unwittingly got locked up in the compass room and was discovered there by Marine Ogg (Aubrey Mather) the next morning*

Above: *The unexpected appearance of the Admiral aboard ship was because his wife and daughter (Ruth Taylor and Ann Todd) were in distress on a yacht, and that his wife—a martinet if ever there was one—was rescued shows that the Admiral, though irascible, possessed a kind heart*

the "most favoured nation" treatment when charity is the avowed object of the production! No longer can the old jape be used: "This society plays for charity, and the audience is asked to keep seated for the same reason."

AND these amateurs are ambitious. *New* plays and *new* comic operas are what they are on the look out for and, what is more, they are securing them! And at the back of all these amateur activities stands what is known as the N.O.D.A., which being expanded means the National Operatic and Dramatic Association, in which well over a thousand societies are enrolled in membership. This association does fine work for amateurs. For a moderate yearly subscription societies can obtain free legal advice, insurance against risks at low rates, the services of understudies for all sorts of parts at short notice, the names of over 100 producers and coaches, teachers of dancing, etc., not to mention the use of the library, which now contains over 8,000 works, single copies of vocal scores, dramatic works, etc., being loaned free of charge. This association has also inaugurated a national competition in operatic art open to all operatic societies.

THE annual conference this year will be held at the Palace Hotel, Buxton, on September 26, 27 and 28 under the presidency of Mr. Dudley Page, who has lately had published a book on "Amateur Stage Law." To attend one of these conferences is an eye-opener! The hard work put in by officers and delegates alike prove the enthusiasm which their cause inspires, and that cause is to make the amateur in the dramatic and operatic world a living force in the life of the country. In order further to promote this cause a subsidiary company called Noda, Ltd., has been formed, which, in addition to publishing several books of great use to dramatic societies, is prepared to consider new work by dramatists, librettists and composers, and to place them before societies for their consideration.

NOW, to put it mildly, not all plays and operas spurned by the professional dictator are destitute of merit, and this further chance of production should be welcomed by all but the most successful authors, for it is surely better for amateurs to perform such works rather than let the dust accumulate on them in the recesses of a writing table.

I have an idea that the once despised amateur may in this way emulate Jack Horner and pull out a "plum," and when this happens you will find the commercial manager keeping a very wide open eye upon the amateurs who possess the desire to find new dramatists, the means to stage their work, and the ability to give that work adequate production.

V. W.

THE GOOD TURN

By MANVILLE KEITH

"MR. KRATZHEIMER is over here," said Lauretta.

"I'm sure there ought to be a witty retort to that one," I replied dubiously, "but I'm hanged if I know what it is. But, then, I don't even know what Kratzheimer is—or why he is, for that matter."

"Why, you must have heard daddy speak of him. He's a man he does a tremendous lot of business with, and he's paying his first visit to England."

"I wish *I* was an American," I sighed. "It's much nicer to pay visits than war debts."

Lauretta smiled tolerantly. "Well, you can make his visit a real pleasure by showing him round town."

"Here, I say!" I protested. "A joke's a joke and fun's fun, but why should *I* be saddled with Big Business. Where does your father come in?"

"He doesn't! You know that the doctor has told him to take a complete rest in the country."

"I'm sure he'd rather take a rest in the billiard room."

"I WOULDN'T mention billiards if I were you," retorted Lauretta. "I told you distinctly last night not to beat him again, and then you ran out with a break of twenty-three. Poor daddy was awfully upset — in fact, if you want to get back in his good books you'd be well advised to devote a day to trotting round with Mr. Kratzheimer."

"It's not my fault if I play billiards like a book."

"What book? 'The Comedy of Errors'?"

"No, the Gospel according to St. Fluke!" I retorted coldly. "Well, I suppose I'd better take on the job. But I refuse to wear horn-rimmed spectacles and chew gum for anybody."

I toddled round to the Savalton the next day to pick up the Kratzheimer Johnny. All the richest Americans stop at the Savalton, and during the annual invasion you have as much chance of finding an Englishman among the visitors as of finding a bookie who loves the Tote. It costs you about a fiver to wish a head waiter "good morning," but I believe the ice water is spoken of highly.

When I finally ran Otis Q. Kratzheimer to earth behind one of Comrade Baedeker's snappy volumes I admit I was more than a bit relieved at my first sight of the lad. I was fully expecting to find a chappie all over bright yellow boots and complexion with a suit like a chromatic chess board. However, there was nothing like that about Otis Q. He dressed like a family lawyer in mourning, had a face like those you see in the advertisements which start, "For 25 years I suffered from chronic dyspepsia, constipation and boils on the neck," and was about as cheerful as a wet November Sunday in Leeds.

"Say, I'm right glad you've come around," he croaked. "I've been in this city for two durned days and I've not got one solitary kick outer your burg yet."

"I've been in this city for two durned days and I've not got one solitary kick outer your burg yet"

No one would believe how hard I worked with that man! Acting on instructions received from Lauretta, we first tootled off to the Tower.

"HERE we are," I said. "One of the oldest of all our jolly old buildings. So ancient, it makes Fanny Ward seem like a Great War baby. The Tower of London, my dear Mr. Kratzheimer, has stood since the days of William the Conqueror or thereabouts."

"Why?" demanded old man Otis.

"Quite so, quite so!" I replied wittily, leading the way. "Here, unless my eyes deceive me," I continued, waxing hopeful, "we have the Bloody Tower."

"And it sure looks it!"

"The two dear little Princes were murdered here," I volunteered hopefully.

Otis Q. fairly snorted. "Say," he dirged. "Do you tell me you've hiked me right here to this durned rabbit-hutch just to show me where the two Prince boys handed in their checks? Say, listen! I could show you a joint in Chicago where the six Blotzhoofer boys were shot up by Micky Guggheimer's gang all in ten minutes, and no one makes a national institution of the place. Let's git. There's no kick coming to me here, son, ber-lieve me!"

Well, it was like that all the morning, and faint, yet pursuing, I lugged the Human Wet Blanket to lunch at my club. It's not a bad spot at all, but before Mr. Kratzheimer had been in it for half an hour I felt as though it was about ten times worse than a "good pull up for carmen."

"Say, listen!" said my guest, picking his teeth with a toothpick. "You've got to hustle some or you'll hear an earful and a half from my vurry good friend your future pop-in-law. He guaranteed that you'd be able to extract a kick out of London City, Eng., for me, and you've darned well not delivered the goods."

"Right ho!" I said with forced cheerfulness. "Leave it to me. Let's run down to Hurlingham and see how you like *that*."

STRANGELY enough, the first person we ran into at Hurlingham was Lauretta.

"If this boy-friend of yours could give me one kick out of your burg," he moaned, "I'd beat it straight back to my hotel a happy man. But *can* he? No, sirree, he can *not*!"

The prospect of having Lauretta to myself for the rest of the day acted like a tonic on the jaded grey matter.

"Yes, sirree, or present occupier, he *can*," I retorted gaily. "Step this way!"

I rejoined Lauretta some three minutes later without my charge.

"Otis Q. Kratzheimer," I said proudly, "has got the biggest kick of his life coming and——"

"Whatever's that appalling noise?" cried Lauretta, glancing nervously in the direction of the stables.

"That," I replied with manly candour, "is our dearly loved brother Otis getting the biggest kick of his life. You see," I added, "I've just bunged him into a loose box with Jerry Toothill's polo pony. You know, the bad-tempered bay one. And," I concluded cheerfully, "I padlocked the door, and have unfortunately—er—lost the key!"

BY NORMAN KAY

"Are you engaged yet?"
"No, I'm a free-lance"

ST. JOHN ERVINE

"St. John Ervine, for reasons best known to himself, now champions Shaw"

YES, *The Apple Cart* may have been dull, but, thank Heaven, it led to argument and, thank Heaven, it caused another attack on me. Only when I am attacked am I certain that I am right.

St. John Ervine is the white-souled Crusader who, for reasons best known to himself, now champions Shaw, perhaps thinking that the dear old gentleman is no longer able to take care of himself.

It is nice to see these Irishmen clinging to each other. It is pleasant to notice that, though they may fight amongst themselves, they unite whenever they hear one word of English truth, or see, in print, one line of honest English indignation.

"Any person who asserts that *The Apple Cart* bored him publishes his own shame," writes St. John Ervine, referring to me. "He acknowledges that he is fit only to sell beetroot."

ERVINE, then answering my objection to the long and dreary length of the first act, which lasted for seventy-five minutes, says, "It seized and held the attention of the vast majority of an unusual audience for every minute of the seventy-five. Any person who denies this stamps himself as one who is insensitive to the mood of an audience and unfit to be employed in reporting, to say nothing of criticism."

Arthur R. Howell, the art dealer, writes to me, in reference to this criticism of my journalistic abilities: "At the St. George's Gallery I stage, every month, the work of an artist, and the appreciation shown by the public is in exact ratio to the artist's reputation. I will prove this to Ervine mathematically whenever he wishes it. The magnetism of the name, it is evident, is the factor controlling Mr. Ervine's judgment, and it is sad to know he cannot rise above it. No wonder young artists have to wait so long for recognition. Fortunately, you are not without independent judgment."

WELL, then Ervine has another go at me.

"To produce such a piece of high farce, fantastic wisdom and brilliant discourse at the age of seventy-three is a feat of which men half the age of Mr. Shaw might be envious," he goes on, "and I feel impatient with the paltry yammerers who complain that its author is out of touch with life. What life? Whose life?

"Are we to believe that gentlemen whose days are spent in running from the keyhole of the stage door to the typewriter in the newspaper office know more about life and are abler to pronounce judgment on it than this great man, who has more intelligence in his little finger than they have in their entire bodies?"

ERVINE seems to have forgotten that, just before the General Strike, he so much objected to the attitude of certain audiences that he said in print that no woman should be allowed to enter the theatre until she was forty. Mrs. Hornibrook told me that only the Strike stopped the women in the pit from chasing him to ask what he meant. I do not know how old Mrs. Ervine is, but that night she was sitting between Ervine and me at the first performance of *The Ringer*. If she was not forty she should not have been there.

It is nice to know now that Mr. Ervine has to come down to the admission that, brilliant though he calls *The Apple Cart*, many men half Mr. Shaw's age might have written it, which is surely a proof that even Ervine is beginning to find out the truth.

Does Mr. Ervine really think I have to listen at keyholes of stage doors? In these days half my life is spent in looking through my own keyhole to see what clamorous and hungry Press manager is coming up my stairs to get me to print some lie about the theatre.

I get scores of letters a week from managers, actors, authors, play-mongers of all kinds, imploring me to print some mis-statement about their plays. I am the only man in Fleet Street who has made himself an avowed enemy of all this humbug and this balderdash.

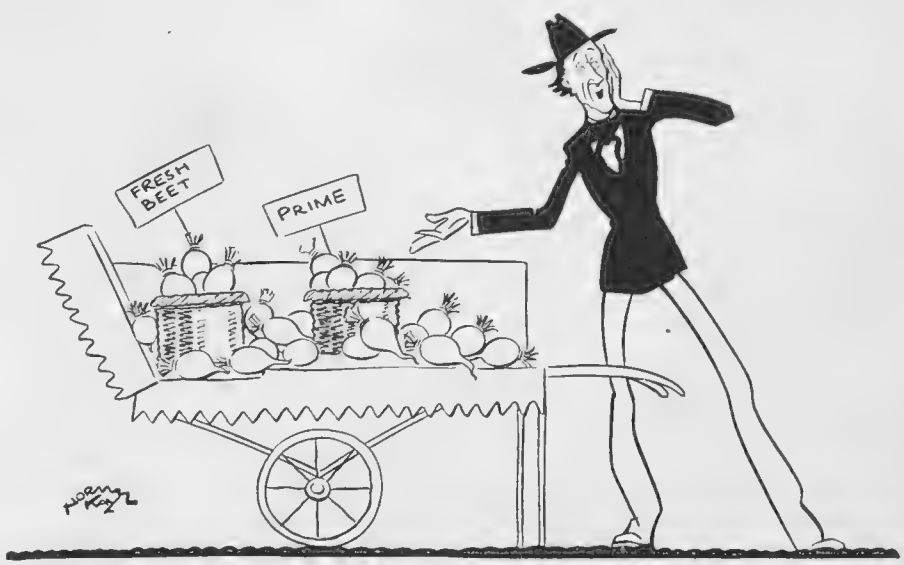
SO far from listening at the keyholes of stage doors I do not suppose I go through a stage door twice a year. I despise stage doors, and nearly all the people behind them. I have gone out all alone to expose the humbug and the bunk of it. That is why I hurt.

Mr. Ervine suggests that I do not know life. I wonder if he remembers a debate which took place on the stage of the Prince of Wales's Theatre one afternoon, when Lord Lathom's play, *Wet Paint*, had just been produced. The critics had said that certain incidents could never have happened.

ERVINE made an ingenuous speech about some language he had just heard in Covent Garden Market, apparently for the first time, and then showed that he did not know anything at all about it. I, who spoke last, tore up the others and quoted fact after fact, and incident after incident, and truth after truth, referring to people in the audience, forcing the point that "Anything can happen."

On more than one occasion since Ervine and I have met in debate. Ervine has theorised quite well, for he is by no means a bad speaker, but I have always pulverised him with a sledge hammer of Fact. I use Fact to destroy theory. It is because I know so much about life that my writings attract attention.

I smashed *The Apple Cart* with Fact, not with a mere expression of opinion. If Mr. Ervine does not believe this, I shall be pleased to debate the matter with him in public—I mean discussing the future of the world in 1960, the political tendencies of the



"Only fit to sell beetroot"

GETS MY GOAT By HANNEN SWAFFER

times, the attitude of the monarchy towards the nation, what Labour Ministers are really like, what a woman would do if, for instance, she were Powermistress-General, the relations between America and this country thirty years hence—any phase of the problems raised by Mr. Shaw.

MR. ERVINE may have gone recently to see some plays in New York. I may remind him that I have known every President of the United States, from Coolidge to Hoover, inclusive, and that whereas, when he was in New York, he went to a lot of plays, I usually spend my time when I am in America going round the prisons, talking to the people on the farms, and finding out what is really going on.

When I was in America nine years ago I was in New York six weeks, I should think, altogether, and yet I only saw one act of one play. That was *The Sign on the Door,* which Al Woods implored me to visit. I went in so late that the management refused to take his card, and said, "Use it again some other night."

"Good God, no!" I replied.

People who live in the world of the theatre are apt to lose their sense of reality. When, a few weeks ago, I pointed out where Mr. Ervine got his three jokes in *The First Mrs. Fraser,* Ervine, instead of acknowledging what a marvellous knowledge of life I must have to know where those three jokes came from—and I will bet £10 there were not ten people in the house who could have told him where one came from, that is, leaving out Aimée and Philip Stuart, who were going to put one of the jokes in their next play—Ervine, meeting me in the *Daily Express* once, looked rather hurt about my disclosure.

"If you know the jokes, other people don't," was his weak explanation of his putting other people's humour in. Whenever I want to be funny I write my own humour—this, for instance.

When Coward wrote *Hay Fever* I knew where the idea came from, and printed it. When I criticised *The Trial of Mary Dugan* it was with the knowledge of a man who, years ago, sat through the long Becker trial in New York.

Reporters know the unrecorded facts. Critics only know the re-hash of printed facts that they see upon the stage.

When I replied to Galsworthy's attack on Imperialism in *The Forest,* and his attack on journalism in *The Show,* I was able to bring from a long experience of Fleet Street knowledge of the subject much greater than Galsworthy's. Because a man is an author, you know, he does not know everything—which reminds me that, apparently, I am now trying to prove that, because I am not an author, I do.

Why, when the critics said *Wet Paint* could not happen, I knew the name of the woman Ned Lathom was writing about. When he wrote *The Way You Look at It,* I knew why he altered it—yes, and the young man's name.

It is my business to know. The keyholes all listen to me.

THE trouble with me is that I know so much about life that I dare not write it down, and that when I see the world of fancy it bores me. I am a realist.

When Pemberton Billing wrote *High Treason* I smashed his arguments to pieces. When I met him in debate on the subject, and he replied to my attack, he evaded every word I used. *High Treason* was a lot of nonsense, and I proved it, in public I mean, with Pemberton Billing sitting there. Ervine would not have dared, even had he known. He is a playwright himself.

IF Mr. Ervine would like a discussion on the merits and demerits of *The First Mrs. Fraser* I should be pleased to take him on. I always prefer these questions to be argued out with an audience, where both the speakers can be seen and the extent of their veracity tested.

I am sorry to have to join issue with Ervine. Although he is getting a dull writer nowadays, he is a fellow whom I like. I admire his surprised eyes. It reminds me of that new-born baby, painted by an artist sitting in a field or something, asking where it came from and what it is all about.

Authors, I am afraid, must be ingenuous. If they did not think a thing was new they wouldn't write it down. My trouble is I usually know it before. It is a limitation that, sometimes, I regret.

No, while Ervine has been thinking, I am afraid, I have been searching out facts, mixing not with the authors so much as the people who do things.

The result is that my methods of journalism have been copied so much, all over the world, that I see that Sidney Dark, editor of *The Church Times,* when debating with J. A. Spender at the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists the other day on "Old Journalism *versus* the New," said that the Northcliffe style of journalism was now dead, and that "We are in the era of Max and Swaff."

When I get coupled with Lord Beaverbrook—well, both he and I feel flattered.

Poor Swaffer! Poor Beaverbrook!

I am afraid Poor Ervine has got me on the brain.

They tell, you know, how, when he arrived at the gates of Paradise, Peter asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the greatest dramatic critic in England," explained Ervine.

"Oh, come in, Mr. Hannen Swaffer," said Peter, humbly.

Ervine's friends tell the story the other way. I prefer my version.

A GLIMPSE OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET

The field moving off at a recent meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. They are on the way to covert at Great Ash

Two

"BEHIND THAT CURTAIN" AND "FASHIONS IN LOVE"

Gloria Swanson (seated second on the left) gives a demonstration before newspaper representatives to prove that she has no "double" for her voice on the talkies. Her first talking film, "The Trespasser," started its run at the New Gallery Cinema last Monday

Purnell Pratt, Gloria Swanson and Mary Forbes in a scene from "The Trespasser." This talkie was written and directed by Edmund Goulding

"Behind That Curtain," at the New Gallery

HERE is a film with the most complicated plot imaginable. It took us nearly two hours to unravel the mystery and arrest the guilty party, but during these two hours we were conducted from Scotland Yard to India, from India to the Persian desert, and from the Persian desert to San Francisco, where were collected our principal characters, reunited after three years' wandering from one end of the world to the other. Therefore I feel that I have little grounds for complaint; "Behind that Curtain," as an entertainment, succeeds in giving people every farthing of their money's worth and perhaps a little more besides.

THE trouble all started with the murder of a very unpleasant private enquiry agent named Hilary Galt, and suspicion fell upon two men, each of whom had a grievance against the aforesaid Galt—our hero, a strong, silent, noble explorer, and our villain, a shifty creature who was plotting to marry our heroine for her money.

WELL, the villain, Eric Durand, succeeds in winning the heiress, and when he and Eve have departed to India on their honeymoon, Colonel Beetham, our broken-hearted but heroic explorer, decides that since life without Eve is not worth living he will embark upon a two years' trip to the Persian desert, complete with tents, camels, and all the caravanserai of the film sheik. On his way to Persia he passes through India, and there, of course, he sees Eve, just as though India were no bigger than Mayfair. Eve is unhappy; her nasty husband, exhibiting himself at last in his true colours, has not only pinched her arm black and blue, but has, furthermore, taken to flirting with her ayah.

INCIDENTALLY, she has discovered that Durand murdered Hilary Galt, and although, being a girl of honour, she will not admit this to the gallant colonel, she nevertheless remarks, in no uncertain tones, that she has finished with Durand and only wants to disappear for ever.

"TAKE me," she beseeches, "with you to Persia. You will never regret it. Please, please take me." And Beetham, the strong and silent, agrees to take her. He does so, and while they are isolated on the desert for months and months he never so much as kisses her hand, for although he loves her, he is, you must understand, a man of honour.

AT this point in the story there appears an astonishing individual, Sir Frederic Bruce, of Scotland Yard, who although he is an ordinary detective, is apparently able to wander at his own sweet will across the world vaguely looking for Hilary Galt's murderer. Sir Frederic suspects Durand, and imagining that Mrs. Durand must know the truth, he persists in searching for her in the Persian desert, although the gallant Colonel Beetham swears that no woman has accompanied him on his trip. Eve meanwhile, in a mysterious panic, jumps upon the back of a pony and gallops off into a sandstorm and certain death.

THE next minute, however, we most surprisingly meet her in San Francisco, where she has become an elevator girl. Beetham is also in San Francisco on a lecture tour. Sir Frederic Bruce, searching for Eve, is in San Francisco,

Remarkable New Films

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

Durand, bent on murdering Eve to keep her mouth shut, is in San Francisco. All the best people, in fact, are in San Francisco.

AND there, rather lamely, this obscure story ends, after Durand has fallen downstairs and been killed, confessing his guilt. Eve and Beetham embrace chastely, Sir Frederic returns to Scotland Yard—and about time, too—and Durand, we presume, is buried in San Francisco in a pauper's grave.

THIS heavily melodramatic film is well acted by two Englishmen, Gilbert Emery as Sir Frederic, and Philip Strange as the unpleasant Durand. Both are really excellent. Warner Baxter, as the explorer, is adequate, but needs a haircut badly. Lois Moran plays Eve, her first mature rôle, in rather an irritating fashion. She has grown plumper in recent years, and is not seen to best advantage in riding breeches. Incidentally, this American-made film, part of which deals with crime in London, compares most unfavourably with the first English talking picture, "Blackmail."

"Fashions in Love," at the Plaza

ADOLPHE MENJOU'S first talkie is delicately witty, subtle, and sophisticated. It is, in fact, just the kind of talking film that one has always hoped he would make. Menjou himself, somehow always reminiscent of caviare and champagne, Savile Row, and Hispano-Suiza motor cars, has happily discarded his American accent for a fascinating French one, not unlike that of Maurice Chevalier, said to be his professor of elocution. He proves himself an actor of the very first calibre, as pleasant to listen to as he is to watch.

THE second surprise of this enchanting film is the very delightful performance of Fay Compton, Menjou's leading lady. Miss Compton, who has appeared in a number of English pictures, has hitherto been clumsily photographed. In "Fashions in Love" the very spirit of her serene beauty has been most happily captured by the camera, and her performance is just as polished and gracious as one would expect. In Miss Compton the English producers have found a reply to Ruth Chatterton; what exactly do they intend to do about it?

"FASHIONS IN LOVE" relates the amorous adventures of a philandering pianist and his long-suffering wife. The pianist, an egotistical, attractive creature, possesses no sense of humour whatsoever; his wife, however, has enough for two, and she decides to teach him a well-merited lesson. Miriam Seegar, as a spoiled flapper wife, represents the lesson, for the pianist, at first charmed by her babyish ways, becomes heartily sick of her directly she is thrown at his head by the clever wife. Miss Seegar gives a fine impersonation of a maddening little creature who wants smacking.

"FASHIONS IN LOVE" is a triumph for all concerned; a triumph for Victor Schertzinger, the subtle director, and for Hermann Bahr, who wrote the witty story. The star himself has never in his life done anything better, and both Miss Compton and Miss Seegar have every reason to be proud of themselves. But why continue? You will doubtless have guessed by this time that you must on no account miss "Fashions in Love." E. S.

LILI DAMITA

Who stars in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." The film version of the famous novel of this name is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture and it will shortly be seen at the Empire

Another scene from the screen version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" showing Lili Damita and Don Alvarado

if gossip

Eve Gray, who has returned to the stage after a long spell in leading rôles on the films. She is playing in "The Flying Fool," which scored a remarkable success when it was performed at Golders Green Theatre

"The Hundred Days" was a glorious episode in the life of the Emperor Napoleon. After exile he marched triumphant through France, thousands flocking to his banner, hypnotised by the magic of his name and the splendour of his genius. Readers of *The Daily Mail* have just been reading (or probably skipping) the story of "The Hundred Days" of 1929. It is no tale of military glory, of swords leaping from scabbards, of danger and romance. My Lord Rothermere is its author, and perhaps it is because of certain Napoleonic attributes of his brother, the late Lord Northcliffe, that he chose the title of "The Glorious Hundred Days" for an account of — what? Why, the rise of a newspaper he runs at Newcastle, and the way it has vanquished, or is supposed to have vanquished, a rival Newcastle journal owned by Lord Camrose.

Now I care not in the least whether Lord Rothermere or Lord Camrose is the victor, and I know little of Newcastle beyond that comfortable if hectic hostelry, "The Turk's Head." Lord Rothermere is very rich, and impressive, therefore, in any capacity; Lord Camrose used to be "Bill Berry," the late Jimmy White's assistant in running a boxing paper, and Lord Camrose by any other name would smell as sweet.

But to unload "shop" of this type to the extent of five splashed columns over two of the principal pages of a newspaper read by millions is rather in the nature of an infliction because the average reader would expect such a flamboyant title to concern itself with something of really great national importance, and not a mere scrap between two provincial evening papers for circulation.

But then they don't know their Lord Rothermere!

The British Broadcasting Company have enabled the orchestra at the "Proms" to swell to a prodigious size, and it is, I fancy, owing to them, or, rather, to the public funds at their disposal, that this admirable and historic series of concerts has been able to continue at all. But the B.B.C. are as badly bitten as ever with the germ of educational "uplift." If England as a whole is not musical (though it is far more musical than is generally supposed) the Queen's Hall audiences most certainly are. A large proportion of these people, who stand in patient discomfort through the severest programmes, are trained musicians themselves. The remainder know the rudiments of music and a good deal more than the rudiments. Why, then, are articles inserted in the programme which have been written in damnably pedagogic style, down to the mentality of a small child about to take its first music lesson?

During the performance the other night of an item which did not happen to appeal to me I read a programme article which informed me that the viola and the 'cello are the "big brothers" of the violin, and that the 'cello is a "big fiddle which stands up and the player sits down." I was also told that "the violin is the easiest of all instruments to play"

Prodigal: "I've decided to settle down and go in for
Sceptical Father: "Better try owls. Their hours should

—a statement that is wildly untrue— and that "any given passage is easier to play on the violin than on any other instrument in the orchestra." I would like to hear the writer of the article, if he be a violinist, play on his fiddle, say, the "Shepherd's Pipe" solo in *Tristan* (and keep in tune), or any harp passage.

If puerile information is to be given in this fashion let it be accurate.

we must

Fox Photo

Gilbert Childs, who rejoins the Co-Optimists at the Vaudeville Theatre after a long absence from the stage owing to illness, seen in the centre rehearsing a number for the new edition. Included in the group are Phyllis Monkman, Betty Chester, Stanley Holloway, Melville Gideon, Davy Burnaby, Elsa Macfarlane and Peggy Petronella

SIR ALFRED BUTT has met with a swift and emphatic denial the preposterous rumour that he was contemplating the production of a British play at Drury Lane Theatre. When will silly people get it out of their heads that anything national could possibly be produced at the national theatre? It is most unfair on those responsible for the direction of the place to suggest the revival of *The School for Scandal,* which has not a shred of Americanism about it.

Shareholders come before sentiment, and one cannot expect business men (and Sir Alfred is, *par excellence,* a business man) in these hard times to stand the risk of Shakespeare or Sheridan when a profitable joy from New York, such as *The New Moon,* can be brought over to swell the dividends. I am relieved to find Sir Alfred declaring that not on any account will the Sheridan comedy be produced, and that the revival of *Rose Marie* will continue until the advent of "a suitable successor."

Nothing, of course, could be less "suitable" than Sheridan at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. So let there be an end of these School for Scandalous whisperings, and let us talk of Bowery Lane Theatre in future—and have done with it.

By LESLIE BUTLER

aising chickens" uit you better!"

WE really must set up a special department for the quarter-witted observations of coroners. A few days ago we dealt with the remarks made by Mr. Ingleby Oddie on the unsightliness of smallpox to a father whose son had been, admittedly, vaccinated to death.

Now we have a Mr. Oswald, who corons in the West London district, declaring that: "A pedestrian who is injured by a motorist should be fined. If he is killed then the costs of any inquiry should be paid out of his goods."

But this is surely not going nearly far enough. A pedestrian should be fined for venturing on the roads at all. If he is villainous enough to let a motor car, travelling at a mild 65, soil itself with his despicable body, he should be put to death at once—if the car has not itself done the job. The whole of his goods should then be divided between the driver of the car and the coroner.

By NORMAN KAY

"John, dear, this poor thing is trembling. Do you think he's cold?"

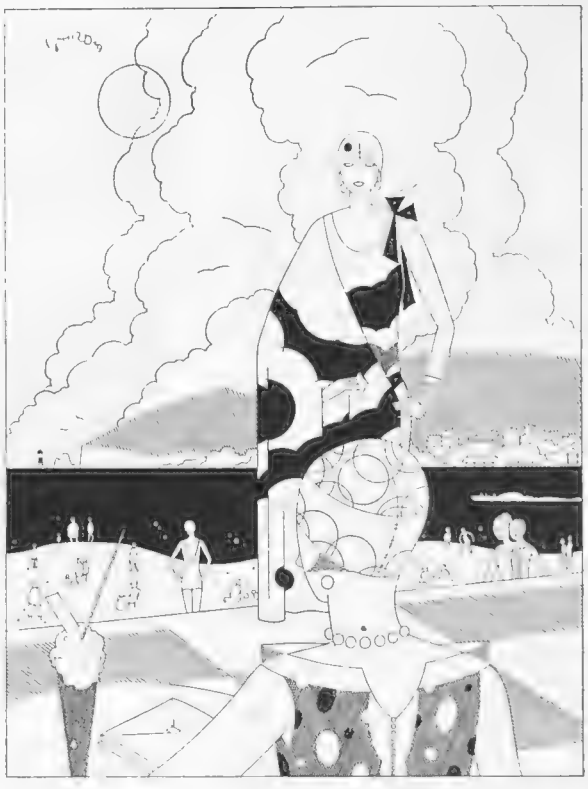
"Well, he wouldn't be if he wore all the shirts I've put on him!"

WHEN THE BACKS COME BACK

Ask anyone in Cambridge to tell you the most beautiful local sight, and the reply will be "The Backs." London now has its "backs." They are slowly returning from Deauville and the Lido, from Juan-les-Pins and Biarritz. They are feminine, and they appear in restaurants and dance-clubs at night in gradually increasing numbers. For the Season (which never died) is stirring itself to something appreciably near thoroughness again. But, alas! there is no thoroughness about those backs, though they are beautiful. The sun has not in most cases been allowed to do its work properly for, *mirabile dictu*, the bathing-dresses of the be-photographed beaches were less exiguous than the September dance frocks—which is some indication of the meagreness of that garment. With what result? Why, the sun has burned a V shape, but the dance-frock shows a bigger V—and white strips of intervening territory. This is "No Man's Land," or, at any rate, it should be.

So far is this from being the dead month or anything like it (except for partridges) that Soso has chosen it for the opening of an addition to his very successful restaurant at the corner of Cork Street—for Soso is to the north of Piccadilly what Sovrani is to the south of it. The Zig-zag Room, the title of which has no reference to the possible mode of progress of those who frequent it, will be confined to those who are in *tenue de soirée*, and its decoration is modern without being silly.

Some of those passing through London who have Soso-ed recently are Lord and Lady Beatty, Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Sir Auckland Geddes, Sir Cecil Beck, Sir Godfrey Thomas, and Captain "Bobbie" Cunningham-Reid. Wynn Richmond has been much applauded as an entertainer, and does not make too much of a fuss about her entertaining. Some cabaret performers are disposed to overwhelm one, but she is not one of them.



By Baird

"I can read my husband like an open book."
"You must have wonderful eyesight to manage such a small type!"

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from the revival of John Galsworthy's "Skin Game," produced at Wyndham's Theatre by Leon M. Lion. Hornblower (Edmund Gwenn) receives a mysterious letter about the past of his daughter-in-law (Joan Kennedy). When he interviews her in her room, she denies the allegations in a piquant scene

A LONDON LIDO

Mr. George Lansbury having declared that he sees no reason why the Serpentine should not be developed into a London Lido, our poet has been moved to picture what London may soon be like. However, poets are ever unpractical, and he nearly forgot Britain's bugbear in his enthusiasm:

WE'LL put up a wonderful show
With our bathing-wraps bright in the Row
As we go for a fine dip,
A gay, Serpentine dip
In London's—and Lansbury's—Lido

And then, when we've finished our dip
To some café we'll all lightly trip
And be gay past belief on
Un cassis au siphon
And pay a mere ten per cent. tip.

Sartorial rites will go West,
We'll lunch as for bathing we're dressed
And view very darkly
The man at the Berkeley
Who wears very much more than a vest.

Casino's will be quite au fait
And each night at the tables we'll play
For no doubt baccarat may
Attract a large army
Of devotees every day.

And then we will—oh, no, I'm wrong!
Our life will not *be one sweet song*
For I chanced to ignore a
Grim fact—meaning DORA
Who's still going terribly strong!

B. W.

DRIVING HOLIDAY-MAKERS ABROAD

THE chief engineer of the Post Office Telephones has informed a dismayed world that by 1940 all telephones in the London district will be automatic. Since with such automatic telephones as are in use now it is quite likely to take from now until 1940 to get the correct number, this is indeed appalling news. The sufferers from these preposterous devices will know what I mean, and I suspect that the most unpopular word in the English language to-day is "dial," except when it has Franklyn tacked on to it. Probably that excellent actor has a good case against the P.M.G.

Apart from the crime of making "dial" serve as a verb—fancy "dialling" anyone or anything!—the automatic telephone exchange causes at least seven separate gestures to be made in the endeavour to get, say, Mayfair 1234. The process is longer, more difficult, more irritating, and utterly damnable. But it has been adopted because, apparently, it is one of the axioms of an age of mechanical progress that anything that is more complicated is of necessity an improvement.

And the officials write to those they inconvenience to "enlist your sympathetic co-operation" in the silliest piece of lunacy that has ever spread like a blight over a great city.

S

FRINTON is one of the few, the very few, seaside towns which very definitely declines to cater for the tripper. No fried fish shops, cheap tea gardens or garish bandstands are dotted about the esplanade, and charabancs are strictly *verboten*. But even if Frinton is pierless it is not peerless, for in the season Debrett—to say nothing of the more cosmopolitan Who's Who—are well represented. Under the circumstances one would imagine that the managements of the local hotels would be only too anxious to cater for the right type of visitor—but not a bit of it. I was stopping recently with some friends who had taken a house there, and on the first morning, after bathing, we felt that a good cocktail was indicated. We therefore strolled into a leading hotel — which advertises as being fully licensed—and asked for some Martinis. "Are you residents here?" we were asked. No! Then were we taking lunch? No! "Then it is impossible to serve you. Good morning."

S

FAINT yet persevering, we tried another hotel, only to be sternly ushered out by a resplendent but ruthless head-waiter for the same reason. At last we were able to find an hotel—the Grand—which rallied round with the necessary cocktails. Hotels are always wailing that people go abroad for their holidays rather than stay in England, and yet some do all they can to damp enthusiasm—if not whistles—with grandmotherly restrictions. Still, I've learnt my lesson, and next day I packed my traps and left for a less irksome and more hospitable resort on the coast of France.

S

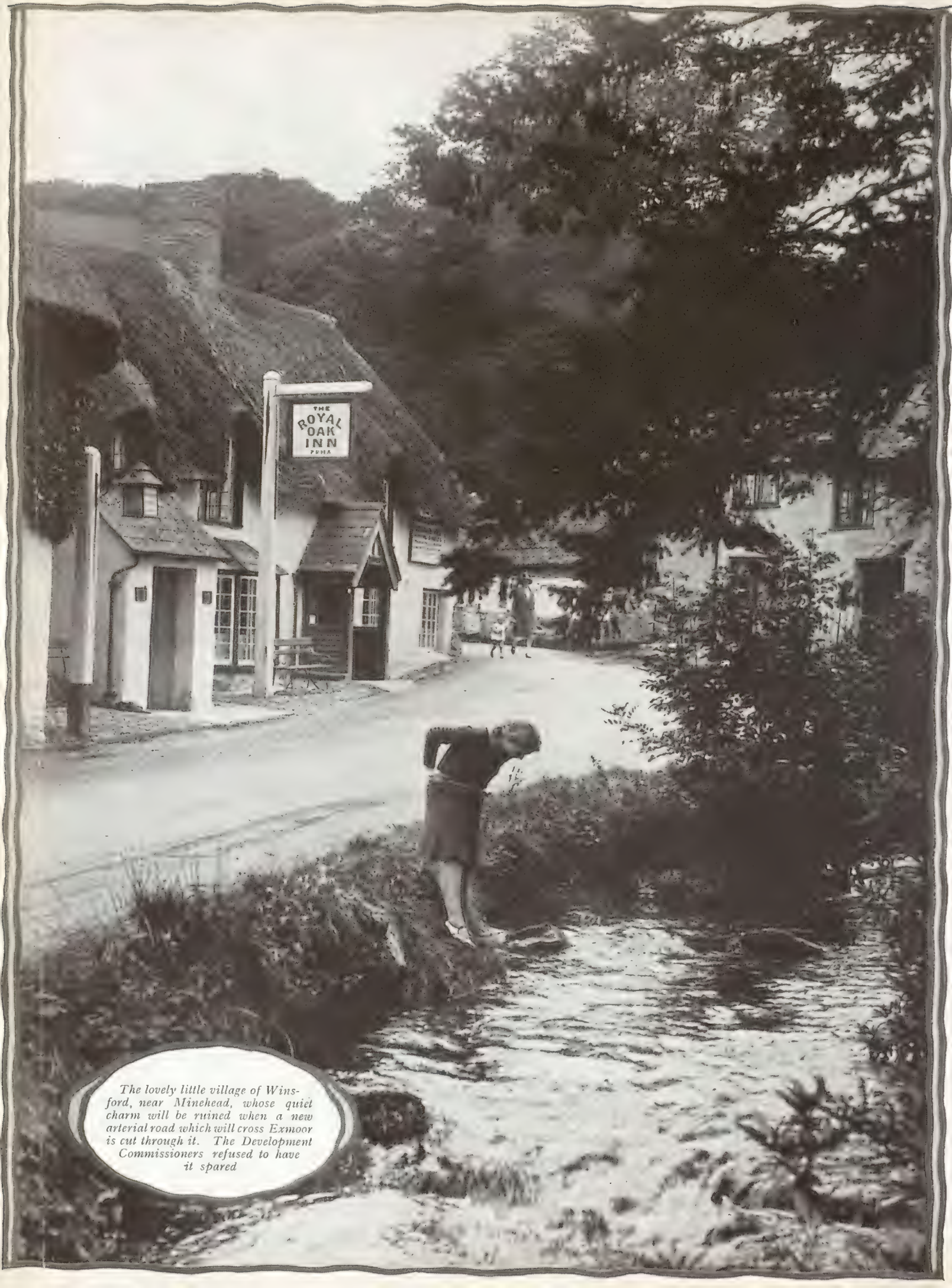
MY mention earlier on of Lord Rothermere reminds me that the *Daily Mail*, which was once both provoking and daring, is now so platitudinous and dull that it is positively boring. Newspapers change with the times, and whereas the *Mail* seems to become stodgier each morning, the *Daily Chronicle* is winning an ever-growing following, and even its political attitude appears to have gathered fresh "pep" of late. A bright imaginative and up-to-date daily is certain to make new friends, and the *Chronicle* is a case in point. As a matter of fact, I personally know several people who first bought it to read Lady Drummond Hay's entertaining wireless messages from the Graf Zeppelin, and are now regular readers, having found many good features, including the admirable "A Man About Town" articles by Quex.

Anton Dolin and Anna Ludmila, who are dancing at the Coliseum throughout this month. Dolin is, of course, an old favourite with patrons of the ballet, but his partner is making her first appearance in this country

Hanna, London

By Will Owen

"How about the first dance, Pam?"
"Rather early, isn't it?"
"Yes, I know. But the early bird catches the—er—the—er—"



The lovely little village of Winsford, near Minehead, whose quiet charm will be ruined when a new arterial road which will cross Exmoor is cut through it. The Development Commissioners refused to have it spared

BY LEON HERON

BEYOND THE PALE

THE LIDO

If your hair and skin are fair,
Hide your roses 'neath the tan;
It won't do at all if you
Don't look like an Indian!

Let your skin right now begin
To acquire a dusty shade
Until you possess a hue
Worthy of a Zulu maid

BY HOWARD K. HUCOCK

O-LATERS

Don't despair, you'll compare
With a nigger very soon
If you lie beneath the sky
Every morn and afternoon.

But when you have got that hue
You can't grumble if we say
"Though not mad, it is sad
"To see that you're 'half-baked' to-day!"

BY STAN TERRY

DOGS OF WAR!

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE MERRY GHOST

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

SANDY and Audrey moved from the mansion flat in Golders Green because the lady underneath danced in one of Mr. Coward's revues and because her brother called to see her on a motor cycle.

You can quite understand what a shock these things were to the MacPhersons. Were they to see the fruit of fifteen years' steady and thoughtful social advancement nipped off like that? When they gave one of their careful little dinners to the junior partner and his wife in Sandy's firm were they to tolerate, just as Mr. Munro called "no trumps," that gay voice of the siren downstairs as it twisted itself through the open windows, singing "Sous les Ports de Paris" to a ukulele accompaniment?

They would move! And in future they would make sure that nothing undesirable menaced their superiority. They would take a house, in fact.

So they moved!

IT was Audrey who saw the advertisement in the morning paper, and, calling with Sandy, they were shown a house which lay in a remote street in a genteel suburb. Through the bars of a tall gate they saw a neglected garden over which a sort of trance hung, deadening sound, and which drew Sandy and his wife into a mental stupor so pronounced that, instead of saying, "This sort of place won't do at all!" he found himself inside.

Small, the house had an atmosphere of romance and secrecy hanging over it. The bijou drawing-room had lapis lazuli walls, with a gold-leafed domed ceiling. The tiny staircase curved upwards in gay imitation of the solemn grandeur of palaces, seeming to mock formality in a most impudent mood. Indeed, the architecture throughout was remarkable for a charming, airy graciousness. On the first floor were two bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, and two bathrooms, the shower in one of the latter spraying through a swaying statuette in marble of a little boy doing something very naughty. Audrey and Sandy looked away from this at once! In one of the bedrooms a daïs with apple-green enamelled steps spoke eloquently of a beautiful bed now removed. The servants' quarters were on the second floor.

Well . . . that sort of thing wouldn't do for Sandy and his wife at all. Imagine it! the nephew of a Bishop married to the daughter of a Dean. What would people think of them in that little exotic house? How odd an environment for Audrey, who had always been used to such frugality. No one, however, would have guessed at this frugality eating those charming little dinners which they would give to the man a little higher up who might be able to help Sandy a little higher up too.

Sandy liked to be considered a dark horse with as much money as he knew what to do with quietly, though he always joked about his poverty. Even Audrey did not quite know what he was worth, but accepted his assurance that the expense of those dinners was just about as much as he could stand.

For business reasons only he became a member of the Golf Club, because he thought he might meet the Munros there occasionally; and Audrey busied herself with local committees, and gave little gifts for the bran-tubs of local charities for the same reason, since Mrs. Munro was occasionally to be encountered doing the same thing. It all took money, as Sandy pointed out. And Audrey had never complained.

So, of course, this house wouldn't do for them. Yet . . . unbelievably, it was cheap. Amazingly cheap! That made Sandy pause, for he dearly loved a bargain.

Why . . . he could *let* it for twice that!

THEY talked about it all the evening, and though its beauty frightened them, making them feel dull and provincial, they could not get away from the fact that it was a bargain . . . that it needed no decorating, and that it was more central than their present flat—which meant that when Sandy renewed his season ticket it would cost less.

Further . . . the house was an *investment!* They could give dinners now to the senior partner, perhaps; and with an atmosphere like that they could give cheaper wines and foreign meat, and no one would suspect it of them. Sandy could save more, and Audrey could go on being dutiful and economical!

He was smiling and rubbing his hands noiselessly together right up to the time he fell asleep.

They moved in, Audrey placing their stiff furniture in its permanent position; and though it echoed the god-fearing righteousness of the Deanery in which she had been reared, it failed to hide the loveliness of that mockingly gay little house.

The first day that Audrey went to the shopping district to open accounts she heard news.

"Oh . . . Opal House!" the man at the dairy said, copying the address. And he smiled waggishly beneath his pendant moustache.

When questioned, he added that some folks maintained that it was haunted. But that had no power to disturb Audrey. Ghosts were for imaginative people . . . for people with nerves. No need for herself and Sandy to worry!

But worse was to follow.

MRS. LAUGHTON was canvassing for the Conservative candidate, and Audrey pressed her to stay to tea, because Mrs. Laughton was prominent in local social circles. As they sipped the expensive Darjeeling blend . . . to pay for which Audrey wore synthetic stockings . . . Mrs. Laughton said, looking about her: "You have . . . er . . . historical associations here, Mrs. MacPherson."

And then it came out!

That old rip, the late Archduke Gustave, had built this jewel-like house for his lovely Sidonie, who danced in the Viennese ballet. She had had a great triumph when she visited London. Oh, yes . . . Mrs. Laughton thought *everybody* knew! She was such a . . . well . . . *taking* little person!

But that all happened so long ago, and the house looked so new, Audrey remarked, and Mrs. Laughton agreed. "Yes . . . and *warm!*" That fact had always disturbed people. A German princeling inherited the property when Gustave died, and since then it had stood there, in the wild garden, generally unoccupied. But the house had never grown neglected . . . funny that! Then it changed hands, and the new owners had had further trouble in letting it. People said . . . well, Mrs. Laughton didn't wish to frighten Mrs. MacPherson . . . but it hadn't a very . . . well . . . *nice* reputation!

THEN, one evening, Audrey *saw* Sidonie! It was the night of Sandy's Masonic dinner, and he had dressed sourly because, raining, and with the Underground some distance away, it meant a taxi. If it didn't clear up it meant a second taxi home, too! Good God! . . . enough to ruin a man!

And there was Audrey hindering him and irritating him by offering him the wrong links. He looked towards her and decided that she was a very plain woman! Now he was having trouble with his bow, and instead of saying

something intellectual she was laughing nervously. He hated her. He left the house stormily resenting ever having met her!

Left alone, Audrey proceeded to clear up Sandy's litter and, passing through the dressing room, she saw the back of a fair, curled head rising above their Chesterfield chair!

She stood quite still, stark, but with a kind of curiosity leavening her fear; and in one glance she took in all the details of the naughty person confronting her. Sidonie was wearing one garment only, but this garment seemed to melt into the rest of her person, leaving one in doubt as to the beginning and end of it. She was leaning back into one corner of the chair, with both legs flung over one arm, and her head lolled backwards in a sort of poetic and erotic fatigue. Both arms were flung outward. The garment, Audrey supposed, was a sort of chemise. One bare foot hung about a yard above the floor, while the other, which supported a backless slipper on its toe, jerked up and down in a sort of merry, impatient jig.

With a saucy lack of modesty Sidonie continued to return Audrey's gaze. She might have been dancing, for she looked exhausted in the pursuit of something . . . attractive! Her lips moved as though she sang a snatch of song, and her eyes were the colour of Michaelmas daisies with sunshine on the dew at their heart. Then she burst into a soundless laugh . . . her face wrinkling up winningly . . . and showed the interior of a small, wet, and very red mouth.

And then she was gone!

But it wasn't quite the sight alone which petrified Audrey with a shocked fear so much as her own sensations and the atmosphere about her. For a sinful fragrance hung in the air . . . a most provocative smell . . . together with a suggestion of unholy wantonness everywhere. And an extravagance, a high-kicking sort of go-to-the-devil kind of gaiety.

I AM very happy to say that Audrey's common sense returned to her. Stoutly and austerely she hardened her heart to all this nonsense! Supposing . . . only just supposing . . . anyone else had seen it? The Vicar! Mrs. Laughton! The Munros! The idea was unthinkable. Yes . . . move they must. And she would speak about it to Sandy the moment he came in.

But she was dozing lightly when her husband entered from the staircase, and she saw at a glance as he switched on the light that he was in a bad temper. Possibly they had placed him at a table with nobodies . . . a thing Sandy could not tolerate! Or perhaps in other ways he felt himself to be slighted. However that might be, he crossed the room now, scowling blackly and throwing his wife, as she blinked at him, a boorish greeting. Then he passed into the dressing-room.

Audrey thought: "I'll tell him when he gets into bed."

But when he returned in his pyjamas his mood had changed, for his face wore an expression of sheepish pleasure. Audrey could not understand it, for his moods were not uncertain as a rule. He sat upon the edge of the bed.

Yes . . . something was amusing him inwardly. Pity now to tell him just when his black mood was lifting. Perhaps morning was a better time. She looked at him and saw a gleam in his eyes which had disappeared before the end of their honeymoon and which, in the sixteen years of their married life, had never returned. But now his face was lighted with it . . . roguish almost! . . . Good heavens! . . . he was bending down to kiss her!

But instead he tweaked her nose and said: "What's this?" which in the old days had been his preliminary to love-making.

His wife replied with an arch pleasure which she strove to conceal beneath a practical mask. "Oh . . . go along with you!" But there was no holding Sandy that night, for he put his cold hand in the warm folds of her neck to annoy her in fun. She laughed and smacked him.

Well, well . . . these were carryings-on with a vengeance, and now Audrey noticed a sort of recklessness in the air which reminded her of her encounter with Sidonie . . . a sort of prodigality of love-making. A . . . a lawlessness!

Then Sandy's mood changed again to his former blackness, and he remembered that he had not his slippers beside the bed for the first thing in the morning. He said he must fetch them from the dressing-room.

"She was leaning back in one corner of the chair, with both legs

When he returned he was naughtier than ever, and pulled Audrey's hair and was altogether disgraceful, so she said. Five minutes after that he remembered he'd forgotten a handkerchief and must fetch a clean one. That was most unlike him, for he was a tidily minded man and not accustomed to forgetting any detail of his personal routine. On five occasions that night he returned to the dressing-room. The fifth he came back rather crossly and, getting into bed, went straight to sleep.

FROM the night of Sandy's Masonic dinner Audrey's life underwent a change. Her husband might return from the City surlily, but he had only to go to wash his hands, passing through the dressing-room to the green-and-white tiled bathroom, to return gallant and loverlike. He developed extravagance, too, and could not pay enough attention to his wife.

Still Audrey hesitated to tell him that they must move, for life was so pleasant just now. So she compromised. She would wait until someone else had seen Sidonie. After all . . . it had been shadowy that night. Perhaps she had made a mistake . . .

In the meantime Sandy took her to Twickenham for the Rugger matches on Saturdays, bought her a ring, and spoke of a car. He pressed her to buy more frocks and even lingerie! Once he brought her home a dozen pairs of real

ng over one arm and her head lolled backward in a sort of poetic and erotic fatigue"

silk stockings. Life continued gay, exquisite, *chatoyant*. She could not believe that for sixteen years it had been gloomy and lugubrious.

Sandy grew particular about his appearance, spending hours, it seemed, on Sundays and during the evenings tidying the compactum in the dressing-room. He sang snatches of song as he moved about, and Audrey would call out from the dining-room below: "What are you doing up there? Come along down." And he would presently appear, still singing, and catching her to him as she passed and kissing her. He would remember, the next minute, that he had decided upon a better place for his dress shirts, and back he would go to the dressing-room to start re-arranging the wardrobe all over again!

Once he told her a Limerick!

THEN Edith came to stay with them. Edith was the eldest daughter of Sandy's father's first marriage, and she was a wonderful manageress. She was gaunt and merciless with a niblick. She came to the MacPhersons for six weeks, and in the first two had met the Munros, the Vicar, and Mrs. Laughton, all of whom she pronounced the sort of people it was advantageous to know. Then one evening, oh . . . can't you guess! . . . She was dressed for dinner in the dress she kept for the whist drives at home, with her long chain swinging with the weight of her pince-nez, and, passing to Audrey's room to speak to her, she ran straight into Sidonie!

Sidonie looked at her and laughed impudently . . . showing that small wet mouth which was made for so many other things than just eating, and kicking her heelless slipper in the air with its glittering jewelled peacock on the toe. Edith, gasping, unloosed all her honest indignation upon Audrey!

"AUDREY!" she cried sonorously compellingly, standing just inside the other's door, "I have something to tell you about this house!"

Audrey glanced up quietly and interrogatively. She was sitting before her dressing-table arranging the hair she had just had shingled.

"This house is haunted!" Edith cried dramatically.

"I wouldn't mind . . ." Edith went on, as though the house were her own, "if the right kind of . . . well, if it was an old man, for instance . . . a scholarly old man! But in this case it's a . . ."

No! She couldn't say it though her lips framed a thin line of disapproval.

She tried again. "It's a . . ." but still her breeding stood her in good stead and she could not utter the fine old Elizabethan word. She approached it another way.

"It was wearing . . . *one* . . . garment!" she cried. "Pink! And that garment was not adequate!"

Still Audrey said nothing, and the other went on, accustomed to monologues.

"I'm sorry for you because you're only just straight, as it were, and moves are expensive and uncomfortable. But life is so uncertain that one cannot take risks, and it is one's duty to prove to one's friends that one *disapproves* . . . of, well . . . irregularities!" She took a deep breath. "That," she added, "can only be done by moving!"

Audrey was feeling profoundly depressed.

"It only needs the first breath of censure of your indifference to circulate, to ruin you socially. I, for instance, much as I care for you and my brother, could never come here again!" Edith went on.

Audrey found her voice after that awful threat, as Edith had intended she should, and she murmured weakly:

"I . . . don't believe in ghosts!"

Edith brushed the remark aside.

"I know another way. A friend of mine knows someone connected with the Psychological Research Society. I'll get her to mention it and they'll call and exorcise it."

She stepped back triumphantly, pleased that she could make life so much more simple for people less gifted than herself. Audrey, however, appeared lost in thought, and, above the silence, they heard the low throb of the new car Sandy had bought. He was taking them to the theatre that night. . . .

At that Audrey lifted her head with a sort of dominance, and Edith could not understand the expression which fluttered about her lips. And Audrey stood up, smoothing the folds of her new and dangerously short frock, over her corseted hips. The flowers Sandy had sent for her to wear on her shoulder stood in their warmed water on her dressing table, and the air was pleasant with comfort, luxury, and warmth. She twisted the big solitaire ring round her finger secretly . . . .

To her amazement the other realised that Audrey was opposing her.

"Then you *won't* have the ghost exorcised!" she echoed aghast, and Audrey replied, glancing almost with affection towards the Chesterfield chair:

"Not . . . *likely*!"

PARIS PROCLAIMS A NEW DRESS EPOCH

By
BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

A skull cap of closely gathered black velvet which fits well down the nape of the neck and gaily sports its new mask veil *Model Lanvin*

SELDOM has any launching of Paris fashions been quite so dramatic as that of Autumn, 1929. Though there has been the usual premature prying and probing, the ultimate showings have been surprisingly unexpected. Now, like the gods of Olympus, the leaders of *la haute couture* have pronounced their decree, and feminine mortals all over the civilised globe must perforce obey.

The parrot cry of "There is nothing new!" that has been made each year of late has died on the lips of those so ready to make it; for the changes were drastic. Buyers from every corner of the world, and principally from the Americas, came, saw and were conquered. There was at first much darting from one House to another to see if it were really true, but for once there was a united front The changes were universal. There were murmurings: "How would modern woman view the new dress lengths?" but in the end there was a complete submission. Now the real test comes when the *femme élégante* decides what she will choose to wear, for upon her acceptance and approval lies the real *cachet* of success.

EACH big House has its own individual characteristics, and for the readers of THE BYSTANDER I attended each in order to relate with first-hand knowledge what new dress secrets have been revealed and what we are to wear this winter. High spots of originality were touched in style, colour and material.

The Changed Silhouette

THE silhouette remains thin to the point of emaciation, and anything that is or has been said as to "curves" may instantly be dismissed. There are three outstanding styles—the slim-bodied, full-skirted princess, the draped frocks of loops and bustle-bows, and the sheath, which clings tightly down to the knees before being released into fulness, frills or wisp-like trains. There is a normal waist-line but no waist; the fitted bodice merges into one straight, unanatomical line to the hips.

MOLYNEUX has declared himself unwilling to return to the normal figure, and many of his models show a line that marks the top of the hip bone rather than the actual waist. Possibly he has his English and American *clientèle* in mind to whom the earlier styles were more becoming. But others such as Lanvin, Lelong, Patou, Cheruit, Louiseboulanger revel in the new body modelling. Everywhere is the lengthened skirt and the extreme tightness over the hips, making it seemingly more comfortable to stand than to sit.

IN view of this new outline one must at once attack fundamentals and recognise that a completely new corset style is necessary to obtain the flattening line of hips and waist and the closely outlined bust. Lingerie also must come under a similar reorganising and all fulness be smoothed away to appear only at or below the knee. Fitting princess lines with low-placed godets are good, but, above all, no unnecessary fulness must be on the hips. Owing to the extreme lowness in back *décolletage*, undies should be cut so as not to show above the waist-line. Thus garmented we can approach the new frocks with a greater confidence, and can take comfort in this at least—that the new longer line gives an appearance of length and aids the effect of slimness it is so essential to obtain.

A New Dress Epoch

THUS, a decade after the War, a "feminine" psychology is beginning to assert itself once more in terms of dress which, while taking on some of its old subtlety and charm, has an added modern sophistication; afternoon and evening frocks have gained an elaboration and decorative detail that has long been absent from them. We

(*Continued on page 570*)

Model Jean Patou

A black and white ensemble showing new lower level for the TROTTEUR *skirt. The shaped astrakhan muff and throw tie are faced with ermine*

EXCLUSIVE BYSTANDER PHOTOGRAPH BY SCAIONI PARIS

SECRETS OF COLOUR AND DESIGN REVEALED

(Continued from page 568)

are, therefore, at the cross-roads of a new dress epoch, for clothes are known to reflect a state of mind or change of psychology. The French designers, with their innate dress sense, their intense artistic perception, are expressing, and even anticipating, the workings of the feminine mind; they are rediscovering their own potentialities and giving clothes the glamour of beauty and design. The athletic, mannish woman created and popularised during the War because of her usefulness was later viewed in an æsthetic sense with horror and despair. From this muscular, leggy, sports-skirts-and-jumper woman no artist creator could receive inspiration. Unwillingly was she catered for in what Patou calls "the triumph of the *robe chemise*, insignificant and without character, and really a sign of the decadence of taste." Another big *couturier* threw up his hands in despair and said women knew no longer how to dress, and promptly retired from business. Now all is changed, and the insidious little touches that certain big houses have been sponsoring for the past season or two are universally adopted.

Two evening models in contrasting styles: Pour la jeune fille, *in white tulle gathered on the hips and stiffly outstanding fullness of deep tucks:* pour *madame, with new back draping and train in deep prune-coloured satin.* *Models Lucien Lelong*

YET with all this increased femininity the sporting side is by no means neglected, and little frocks for *le tennis* or *le golf* find a place in each collection. Added to this there is a magnificent gesture of supreme generosity which more than grants modern woman all her hard-won emancipation in the presentation of sports outfits, complete with their accompanying knickers or trouserettes, as though they would say, "If you must be active, go the whole hog and be entirely comfortable and far more decent by wearing bifurcations—whether you propose to climb, shoot, play games, or just walk"; and very stunning are some of the *ensembles* presented. There is also, without any doubt, a growing intrusion of the trousered garment thinly veiled by lace or chiffon, which goes beyond the precincts of the boudoir.

Materials

OF materials there is much to say, and each *couturier* says it with a slightly different emphasis. Everywhere there is the new jersey-tweed, and, whatever else a wardrobe may or may not consist of, it *must* contain some of the enchanting little frocks or jersey accompanied by their coat counterparts. Worth most admirably makes these, and seemed to have so many that are just what every woman would want. They are delicious in the new dark speckled greys and bottle-greens, and also in browns and just a few reds. For evening one-colour materials are popular, always excepting the flowered taffetas and *lamés*, the latter in a new sheer quality which is lovely and drapable. *Panne* is first favourite in velvets, and the plain millinery velvet is preferred to the chiffon variety. Tulle is used a great deal; plain chiffon and a *ciré* chiffon Cheruit shows; also a chiffon printed in flowered velvet which glistens with a changing brilliance. *Faille* lends its heavy folds admirably to the new statuesque styles, while heavy *crêpes* and satins are too useful to be omitted.

FURS are principally of the flat kind, and lamb or kid in its newest terms of galiac, breitschwanz, caracul or astrachan is enormously in vogue, and trims coat and hat alike, while dead white ermine runs it a close second for more dressy wear. Fox appears on a few evening coats, which, by the way, are more gorgeous than ever, and borders a boudoir coat here and there. Soft furs occasionally form the high stand-away collars that are such a feature of the new coats, but are almost entirely replaced by the vogue for close flat furs. Muffs have been sponsored by Patou in a new draped style, sometimes combining a bag as well in a highly practical manner.

Colours

COLOURS are varied so that one may choose that which suits one best. Patou has launched, as is his custom, a new colour, which is light and dark dahlia, the colour of the old-fashioned variety one sees in country gardens, a sort of pinky mauve; a light dahlia for the evening and a darker shade for the day. Already one sees Parisian women in their cars looking like early autumn flowers, wearing this tell-tale colour with hat to match, as it is impossible to combine with anything but black. A wonderful dark prune is a novel shade for evening which nearly everybody was showing, so dark as to look like a purple-inky shadow, and in some lights almost black. There was much black, and black and white seems smarter than ever; much white for evening, and Vionnet's classic lines were often portrayed in the off-white shades she approves so highly. All greens, and chiefly bottle-greens, are in favour, while Lanvin was showing touches of what Oscar Wilde called a "shrill" green with her black evening frocks—a combination that was repeated again and again; while Chanel showed many red frocks in the hue generally known as "Chanel red."

Most *couturiers* now make their own perfumes, bearing fascinating titles or just plainly numbered. They are created to enhance the personality and charm of the wearer and her frock.

IT remains to speak of hats, but as I could say so much I will revert to this entrancing subject later. It is enough to say that they also have taken a feminine and alluring turn. It is becoming more general to include hats in dress collections, and those shown had an enormous success, for, only by supplying exactly the right hat to accompany the sports or afternoon frock can the key-note of perfection be added to the *ensemble*. B. B. E.

BY FOUET

" You can put away me nightshirt, Liz—I got a job as a night-watchman this morning "

DEAUVILLE'S GRANDE SEMAINE

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrations by KIPPA

"Some, of course, play golf"

IF one goes away during the summer for a rest, that is, to avoid people, one feels miserable. If one goes to a resort where one is sure to find friends, acquaintances, bowing-acquaintances, or, at times, not-bowing-acquaintances (such as seeing a boy from Paris sitting in the bar of the Deauville Casino with a poule), or merely familiar faces, one feels wonderfully at home. But then, after the *rentrée d'Octobre,* one has nothing new to talk about . . . one cannot even lie. . . . It is a great problem.

I am undergoing a great mental strain at the present moment, for, having spent the week-end at the Grande Semaine at Deauville, and recalling who was there, lo and behold! most of the same people were lunching at the Ritz the Tuesday following this week-end, which should be a pleasure, but seems to be nothing else but a mere duty. Of course, everybody has a very good time, but they bear a peculiar expression which seems to say, "Well, here I *am.*" Like, "I did my daily dozen this morning," or "I am on the seventeenth day of my eighteen-day diet."

ARRIVING at Deauville, on my way up to the new Hôtel du Golf, the place seems to be a branch of Paris, with all the well-known Paris shops spending the summer behind Norman façades to match the Normandie Hôtel. Driving by the "Tattersall Française" and "Cheri," the rival horse-selling establishments, one is reminded that the Deauville crowd is divided into the following categories: People who go to be seen, people who go looking for trouble, yachting enthusiasts, and the authentic race-followers. Some, of course, play golf, otherwise there would not be the new twenty-seven-hole course across the road from the Hôtel du Golf. In France, of course, they never say "golf course" or "golf links"; it is always "the golf," just as it is always "the tennis" or "the polo."

RUSHING back to the Casino, the first Parisian I met was Arthur Rubinstein, the Polish pianist.

"I arrived at Deauville," he said, smiling and very pleased, "one half-hour ago, and I have already lost thirty thousand francs," and off he dashed to lose some more. Standing at the bar was "Tigre de Regnier," the caricaturist, who also writes. He *should* write, but his work should be much better, as his father is Henri de Regnier, of the Academie Française, and his mother, who was the daughter of José-Maria de Heredia, the poet, writes dramatic criticisms for *Figaro* under the *nom-de-plume* of Gerard d'Houville. Major Keith Trevor, the husband of Jane Marnac, the actress-manager, was not playing, but Jane Marnac was. I have just read in a weekly paper that "only the brave *chemin de fer* . . ."

MISTINGUETTE and Earl Leslie starred at the gala that evening in the Ambassadeurs. At the dinner were the Prince and Princess Murat, he of the Auteuil Steeplechase, the Marquis de Saint Sauveur, the head of the Société d'Encouragement, the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours, Louis Bleriot, who is the most popular young-Argentine-about-Paris, the Aga Khan, and the Marquis and Marquise del Marito, the latter having been Elena Patino, the daughter of Simon Patino, Bolivian Minister in Paris. Patino was a farm labourer, and purchased for a few bolivanos an option to some land held by a starving immigrant. The land produced tin, and to-day Patino's fortune is greater

(Continued on page 574)

Gloria Swanson and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Condray, who were recently in Deauville. They came to England last week to be present at the première of Miss Swanson's first talkie, "The Trespasser"

The Much Discussed Luther Film

"MARTIN LUTHER," the much talked of German silent film, now showing at the Avenue Pavilion, has been altered by the Censor in England, as it was in Germany, to exclude matter which might offend against religious feeling. This is a spectacular production dealing with the life of the great reformer and the start of the Protestant reformation in Germany. The rôle of Luther is played by Eugen Klopfer, who made such a success in "The Street." "Martin Luther" was directed by Hans Kyser

Eugen Klopfer, as Luther, is seen on his way to the University at Wittenberg

Luther on his way to Rome sees the people worshipping the Virgin Mary. A scene in "Martin Luther," the German film now showing at the Avenue Pavilion

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 572)

than the national wealth of his country. When Pepe del Merito, who is the son of a Grandee of Spain, recently married Elena Patino at her house in the Avenue du Marechal Foch, a wedding that upset the entire Latin-American colony in Paris, first of all because it took place in the evening, which is contrary to custom, and because it was not performed in church, but in the Patino's private chapel, Señor Patino's perfectly enormous cheque to his son-in-law was displayed among the wedding gifts. I thought that rather terrible. Oh, well . . .

To go back to Deauville—Gloria Swanson was there, with her husband, and Elvire Popesco, the red-haired Roumanian actress with Louis Verneuil. Martinez de Hoz, the Argentine Consul in Paris and racing man, with his wife, the smartest South American woman in Paris; the Robert and Edouard de Rothschilds, Solly Joel, Marshall Roberts, even "Sir Edward," yes, Douglas Stuart!

I would really like to go somewhere some time and not see Mrs. Jean - Nash - Paul Dubonnet. Walking past her in the gambling room, one of my friends said, "Do you call that dress smart? It looks like a wet bathing suit to me." But it was smart, dark blue paillettes, the skirt having long flounces of blue tulle.

The real Tout-Paris were at the Grand Prix and amid the mob were the Duchesse de Gramont, the Duchesse de Noailles, the Comtesse Louis de la Rochefoucauld, the Comtesse de Montesquiou-Fezensac, the Comtesse Louis de Rohan-Chabot, the Marquise de Bourg de Bozas, and the Marquise d'Aulan.

The husband of the last named, Jean d'Aulan, is a great sport, and sometimes makes his wife nervous, especially when he talks about it. Besides being a member of the Olympic bob-sleigh *équipe*, he sails a prize-winning skiff and drives a Bugatti. He has good opportunities to drive anything, for he spends only part of the week in Paris, being occupied at Rheims in the champagne firm which belongs to his father-in-law. In the summer he is usually at Antibes, where his mother, who is now the wife of one of the Adam brothers, of the Banque Adam, has a villa.

When young Jean d'Aulan entertains, and his wife thinks he is talking too much about motor cars and all that, she has a film produced. This is a very special film, being a picture of a smash-up caught by a news-reel camera. Nestled amid the smash-up is Jean. It is the best method for making a husband change the subject I have ever known.

"Caught by a news-reel camera"

Hot weather in Paris drives people to out-of-door restaurants. I found a nice little one in the upper Avenue Victor Hugo, called "Mon Repos," which is the only thing about it I don't like. The food is Russian. A short run from Paris at Bougival is the "Coq Hardi," a beautiful little place, the tables set on terraces under lovely trees. For lunching in the open in the centre of Paris try the Chatham Grill in the rue Volney.

Up the Champs Elysées, do not be dismayed by the hordes on the sidewalk *terrasse* of the new Berry. The restaurant within is excellent. But, no matter what new cafés open along the Champs Elysées, none will be able to duplicate the thoroughly Parisian atmosphere of Fouquet's *terrasse*.

I have been told many times that the night-life of Paris is moving over to Montparnasse. Well, it can move, but I won't. The only agreeable place over there is the Viking. The Select, the Rotonde, the Dome, the Coupole are to me utterly depressing. You cannot sit at any of these places five minutes before some artist or writer, usually American, tells you that nobody with any talent could possibly live on the Right Bank, and what an important personage in the Quarter *he* is.

The only great writer I ever met on the Left Bank is Maxwell Bodenheim, the author of *Replenishing Jessica*, which was suppressed and its publisher sent to jail. He is writing a new volume of poems called *Bringing Jazz*. He was reading me a few of them, which express the rhythm of jazz music, when one of those little things who talk a lot about Art, say dreadful, dreadful things about America, whose souls would simply stifle if they had to live on the Right Bank, and who make their livings, luckily enough, doing hack work for American advertising firms or fashion papers in Paris, sat down with us and told us how little we knew about Paris. So Bodenheim said that the next time he sat in a café in Montparnasse it would only be on his way to catch a train for Vienna. S. L.

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FLYING NOTES

EVENTS OF THE SEASON

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

A front view of the Supermarine-Rolls Royce racing seaplane at Calshot

CAPTAIN H. C. BIARD

Who flew for England in 1922, 1923 and 1925. He brought the trophy back to England in 1922

London's Aviation Country Club

JUST after the War London had a country club at Hendon which was supposed to offer flying facilities as one of its attractions, but it failed as far as the flying was concerned because at that time there was no suitable aeroplanes for private use. Now that Hanworth Park has been declared open with due ceremony, National Flying Services has provided London with its first real country-cum-air club. Having taken an old mansion surrounded by a lovely garden that has been in existence for hundreds of years, the club has started off with an atmosphere which a more modern building would have had to create. Here is a unique social centre for everyone interested in flying where the ordinary amenities of a club are also provided, including tennis and racquets courts, ballroom, card-room, and the usual feeding and sleeping accommodation. The all-important matter of entrance fee and subscription is covered by five guineas and five for flying members, and three guineas in each case for those over seventy-five or under sixteen, which are the present limits of age for instructional purposes.

An International Seaplane Rally

ON Saturday and Sunday next, the 14th and 15th, at La Baule, Bay of Biscay, 8½ miles west of St. Nazaire, the Aero Club of France and the Municipality of La Baule will be at home to all comers by air. Prizes to the value of 200,000 francs are waiting to be won by seaplanes, flying boats, or amphibians, special points being awarded to the latter. The French seaplanes designed for the Schneider contest are to be sent over the speed course, which will be one of 100 kilometres. In addition to the Rally there are two main events, one for machines capable of more than 250 miles an hour, and the other a handicap race. Special prizes are being offered for beating existing altitude records and for the use of heavy oil as fuel.

Around the Clubs

MR. G. F. STOREY, of Hythe, the first *ab initio* pupil trained at the Cinque Ports Club, put up a very good show recently on his Moth from Lympne to County Galway in one day, flying *via* Hooton Park and Baldonnell in atrocious weather.

The Hampshire Club has bought another Gipsy Moth, so there are now four machines in commission, including the veteran O.H.

On September 21 and 22 there will be an Air Rally to Devon by the sea, the rendezvous being Haldon Aerodrome, Teignmouth, owned by the Agra Engineering Company. It is here that Mr. W. R. Parkhouse started a flying school about a year ago. The venture has been most successful, and quite a colony of private owners has grown up round the single Avian on which instruction has been given.

THE VOGUE OF THE "MOTH"

The Archduke Antonio of Austria, who, with his brother, the Grand Duke Francis-Joseph, recently purchased a Gipsy Moth, in which they are touring Europe

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Michael Arlen, the famous author, two of whose short stories appeared in recent issues of "The Bystander," by the eleventh tee on the Samaden course near St. Moritz. With him are Capt. and Mrs. Robert Glen

WHEN WIVES TAKE COMMAND

By RALPH STRAUS

It is still considered a mark of respectability to pretend that certain things simply are not, but there is much less "hushing up" than there used to be. I can remember the time when you would have gone to the stake (or whatever its modern equivalent may be) sooner than admit that your father or great-aunt had had a stroke, or that your second cousin twice removed had finally been removed even further—to a lunatic asylum. To have a stroke, apparently, was not quite respectable, and to have a lunatic in the family was not so much the misfortune we should think it to-day as a moral disgrace.

❋

There is a striking incident in Mr. Desmond Coke's new novel, *The Monkey Tree* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which illustrates very well the change that has taken place since the War in our manner of dealing with such matters. It is an incident which does not play a large part in the story—I am not sure myself that its inclusion was strictly necessary—but it is of quite unusual interest, and certainly helps to illustrate the "modern" heroine's character. This is more or less what happens. A young man home from the War, with no money except what his mother can spare, and little idea as to what profession or business he had better adopt, comes to London "to have a look round." Casually he strolls into Hyde Park, and as casually enters into conversation with a young woman—a less dangerous proceeding, by the way, in 1920 than it was to be eight years later. They become what the Sunday newspapers call friendly. She has a flat, to which he goes more than once. But she also has a husband, who returns at a moment which could hardly be more inconvenient than it is. He is a drunken brute, and in a fit of rage the woman shoots him. The young man departs in a hurry, determined to indulge in no more such dangerous follies, and, luckily for him and the woman, a kindly jury brings in a verdict of suicide. But the woman sees a chance of fairly polite blackmail, and takes it, and this is particularly unfortunate, because the young man marries and brings his wife to live in a flat in his mother's house.

MR. S. P. B. MAIS G.P.U

The well-known writer, whose new book, "Sussex," has just appeared. It is published by The Richards Press at 6s

❋

And what happens then? Well, it is not very difficult to guess what would have happened in the older novels, or, indeed, in most pre-War middle-class households. The wretched husband would have "paid up" somehow, even if he had had to turn thief for the purpose, and his life would have been "ruined." He might even have committed suicide—and all because it was the tradition that in such matters nothing must ever be said. Mr. Coke, however, makes Captain Gillies tell his wife the whole truth, and to my mind he is right. In the War Barbara had learnt how to "do" things, and now once again she takes command. So you have the spectacle of the wife "beard-ing" the blackmailer in her husband's presence and giving her a piece of her mind. After which the blackmailing comes to a very sudden stop.

❋

I have mentioned this business in some detail not only because it illustrates my point, but also because it shows Mr. Coke in an entirely new manner. But it is only an incident. Mr. Coke's book is no melodrama; it is a sober and sincere and fascinating study of a young man, tired out by the War, who has a mother as well as a wife to deal with. Old Mrs. Gillies has lived for years in the white cottage which lies in the shadow of a giant monkey puzzle. She has had enough of loneliness. At all costs she must keep her only surviving son with her. And so when he marries, and money is wanted, she allows her much-loved house to be turned first into an antique shop, and then into a tea-shop. The monkey puzzle, however, is sadly in the way, and it is her only real tie with the past. Must it, too, go? Yes, if the young people are to turn failure into success; and down it comes. One other sacrifice, however, remains to be made, and that, too, is not begrudged. The new generation may know how to take; the old generation certainly knew how to give.

❋

It seems to me that Mr. Coke has done more than merely bring an old dramatic problem up to date. He has subjected it to a refreshingly new analysis. And in Roy and Barbara and old Mrs. Gillies he has created three most delectable folk. You may call Roy weak if you like, but then the War had brought "nerves" in its trail. You may think that he takes too much for granted, but then he fought for more than four years. And if Barbara is "strong" she is always a woman. As for Mrs. Gillies, she is a triumph. In the past I have generally preferred Mr.

Continued on page 583

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 578)

Coke when he is spinning a school yarn, but in this delightfully real story he is at his best. Not every house may have its monkey puzzle, but there must be many Roys and Barbaras to-day and many old ladies faced with Mrs. Gillies' problem. I can heartily recommend this story.

❋

THERE is a very different background in Mr. S. B. P. Mais's new novel, *First Quarter* (Cassell: 7s. 6d.), though here again it is the wife, or rather the wives, taking command. Not for the first time Mr. Mais paints the portrait of a man who "fails" with women. Here it is an actor turned tutor, whose first wife has left him. He has a small daughter to bring up, and does so, after his fashion. Unfortunately, he marries again; the second wife is jealous of the daughter, and the girl is forced to fend for herself.

❋

I DO not know what people will think of Daphne's career. They may be slightly distressed at its outcome, though I fancy that they will be duly sympathetic. To me she seems to be an entirely natural and fascinating young person, even when she agrees to "keep house" with the unfortunately-married but very nice playwright, who has been her "good angel" since childhood. Her mother is odious and her father is weak, but their portraits are admirably done. There will always be Faiths who live for admiration, and always Lovells to marry them and forget what they consider is their due. I could point out one or two faults in construction, but this book, with its breath of fresh air, its insistence on the beauties of England, its general keenness and its really dramatic story strikes me as being the best thing that Mr. Mais has yet done.

❋

THERE are travel books which are merely instructive, and travel books which do little but reflect the personality of the writer as it reacts to unusual backgrounds. Mr. F. A. Hook's *Eastwards* (Blue Peter Co., 5s.) has the double attraction of describing in an agreeably intimate way a three months' tour through Ceylon and across India to Aden, and of playing mentor to those who have not yet shared his good fortune.

❋

MR. HOOK himself is very modest. His book, he says, is to be taken as "the superficial observations of an occasional traveller," but they are the kind of observations which most of us want to read. Mr. Hook enjoyed himself, and he hands on a measure of his enjoyment to his readers. His is not in any sense a guide-book, and yet it possesses all a guide-book's best points. He is gay at moments and always interesting. Luckily, too, his book contains eleven drawings of India's most magnificent buildings by T. Raffles Davison, and these are a joy to behold. Quite a short book—too short, in fact—but long enough to make you keen to follow in Mr. Hook's footsteps.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

We hear that Mme. Karsavina, who has delighted so many by her dancing in the Russian Ballet, has written her reminiscences during her last few months in London, and these will be published in the autumn. Much of it deals with Serge Diaghileff, the creator of the ballet, who died recently. I hear that the book is likely to be extremely interesting as it deals with celebrities in London and most of the capitals of the world.

❋

Uphill Trek—suggestive of wide open spaces and Rhodesia, and that is where the story is laid. Nick Lovell, a struggling farmer, marries a selfish girl and takes her to live on his farm. Trials and sorrows follow with but few bright interludes until the climax comes. We hear it is a really human story of an incompatible marriage with a happy ending. Cassell's will publish it to-morrow.

❋

Pudovkin, the great Russian producer, is undoubtedly one of the two or three cinema technicians who have contributed most to the artistic development of the film. Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to a book—*Pudovkin on Film Technique*, translated and edited by Ivor Montague, which Gollancz will publish in October.

❋

At the End of the Avenue, by Pamela Wynne, is, we are told, the story of Mavis Carter, a girl who married in desperation to help her family. Unfortunately, she chose a doctor of unsavoury repute. Mavis was soon miserable, which her sister realised. To learn how Mavis is saved from suicide and the doctor's shady nursing home exposed read this book, which Allan's will publish on Sept. 24.

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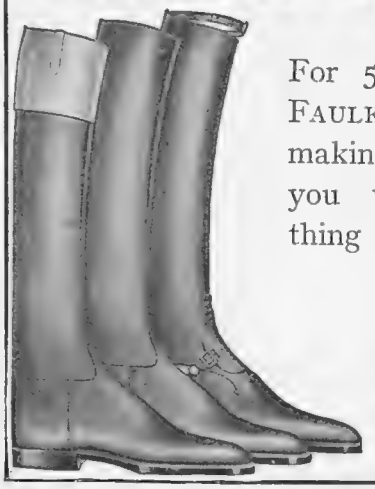

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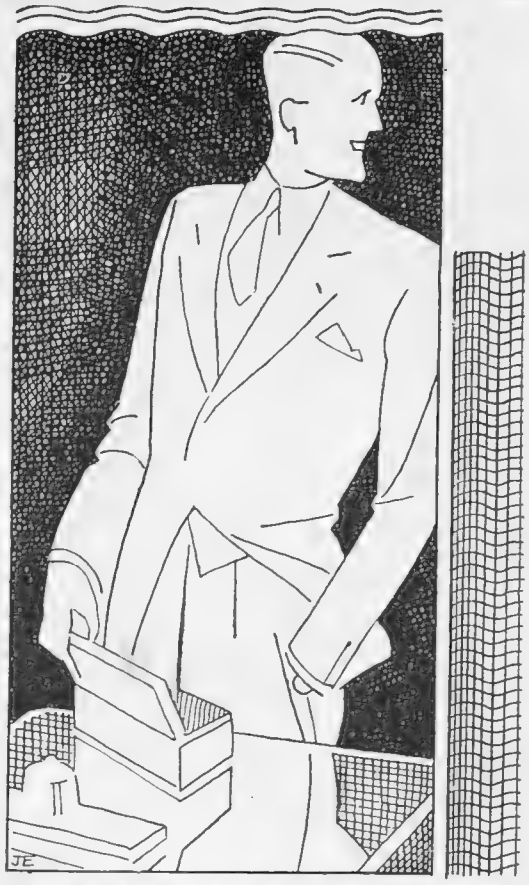
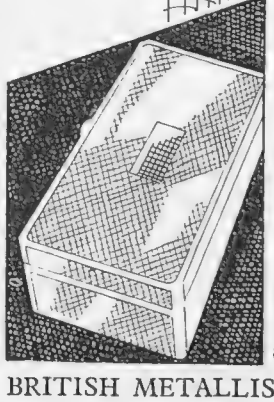


"JUST LOOK AT THIS CIGARETTE BOX OLD MAN . .

You can't dent or batter it like the ordinary kind. Just feel how solid and rigid it is. Another thing, there's no wood lining to come apart. Fine! Isn't it?"

B.M.C. silver cigarette boxes are made by a new process which has entirely revolutionised silverware. Because the silver becomes an actual part of the object it adorns *it cannot dent, fracture or deteriorate.* This process of electrically depositing pure silver has made it possible to produce something really serviceable—something that will stand up to everyday wear and tear and yet remain beautiful for ever!

Ask to see B.M.C. cigarette boxes, silver brushes, mirrors, photograph frames, clocks, cocktail trays. They are stocked by all leading Stores, Silversmiths and Jewellers.



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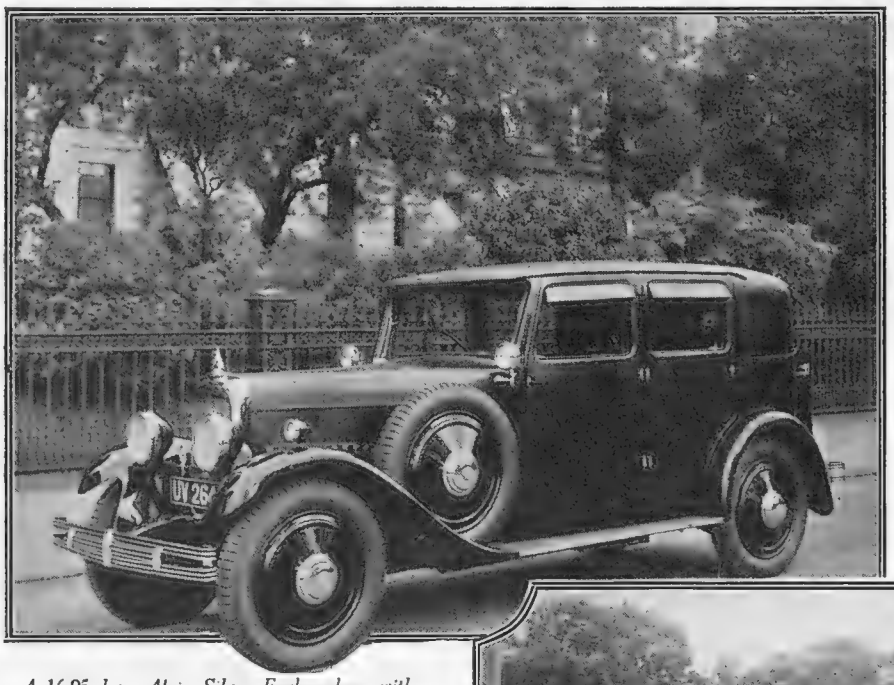
MOTOR NOTES

RACING FOR THE RUBBERNECK

By E. M. WRIGHT



A 16.95 h.p. Alvis Silver Eagle saloon with special bodywork. It was recently supplied to H.R.H. Prince George, by Henlys (1928) Ltd

TILL quite recently this country has been somewhat out of the picture as far as motor racing is concerned. Even to-day England lags far behind, and our biggest contests evoke only a fraction of the public interest that is shown in some of the events which have become world classics on the Continent. Our difficulty is, of course, that, unlike France or Ireland, England officially bars racing on her public roads. Enthusiastic racing motorists cannot hurtle at break-neck speed through the sacred precincts of our parks as they were encouraged to do in Dublin, nor can we add town halls to the hazards of the course as apparently was the case in the Ulster T.T. It is the road race which draws the crowd, probably because thousands can see it where only hundreds can be accommodated on even the best racing tracks.

***

COMPARE—if comparison be possible—the crowds which go to Brooklands and the crowds which attended the Irish Grand Prix and T.T. last month. Race for race, the Double Twelve or the Six Hours are as good as, or even better than, the two Irish classics, but they have not "caught on" with the general public to anything like the same extent. And for that very reason, I am inclined to think, they lose something of their value. Ireland has shown us what "goes down," and, not content with the signal success she has already scored, aims still higher. For it is now proposed to run a 24-hours race in Ulster next June which will rival even Le Mans. *Vive le sport!* However you regard these races, you cannot deny that one big race sets as many people talking motoring, thinking motoring, and dreaming motoring as the Show itself. How many non-motorists, I wonder, come away from an afternoon of thrills determined to buy a car there and then!

***

BUT England need not wholly despair. Shortly, perhaps, we shall have a racing track which will bring all the advantages of Daytona and Verneuk Pan to our very doors. This is no idle dream, for already plans are being actively pushed forward to construct a racing track 15 miles long and 200 yards wide along the north coast of the Wash from Skegness to Boston, and it is further proposed to include a road circuit, so that at long last we may run a T.T. of our own. It is good news, and everyone will wish success to the scheme. Perhaps "everyone" is an exaggeration, for there are curmudgeons who look with as much disfavour on motor races as a Puritan with a sick headache viewed stage plays on Sunday. There are others who consider them quite valueless as a medium for gaining publicity, and there are others again who think that the advertising aspect is too much stressed.

***

WHETHER the expense and the trouble is worth while is certainly a moot point, and, as critics point out, many famous makes of car are never seen on the track at all—with no apparent harm to their reputation. But it is an altogether too sweeping assertion to say that the races are purely advertising stunts, for, while much obviously depends on the car, a tremendous deal depends on the skill and powers of endurance of the driver. Indeed, there is probably no sport making greater demands upon a man's strength, his nerve, and his skill than modern motor racing—and contests every year grow more and more gruelling. And if a win does help to advertise this or that make of car, such advertisement is to-day of real value to the ordinary motorist, for the days are long since past when the cars which took part in such events were special models built for the racing track alone. Nowadays cars must be standard models, and in principle at least, if not in strict practice, the only modifications permitted are those which an owner-driver might incorporate in his own car. A win, therefore, does give some indication of a car's possibilities.

(*Continued on page 584*)

The specially built six-wheel Crossley car which was delivered to His Majesty's order at Sandringham It is primarily intended for conveying their Majesties on tours of inspection over the Royal Estates and for use on the moors when His Majesty resumes shooting

The World's Finest Sporting Car

BENTLEY

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THE present high standard of Sporting Car performance is due in no small measure to the example set by Bentley, whose supremacy is crowned by the amazing success of the 6½ Litre Silent Speed Model, the Car which combines for the first time all the desirable assets of the Town Carriage with the fascinating features of the Sporting Car.

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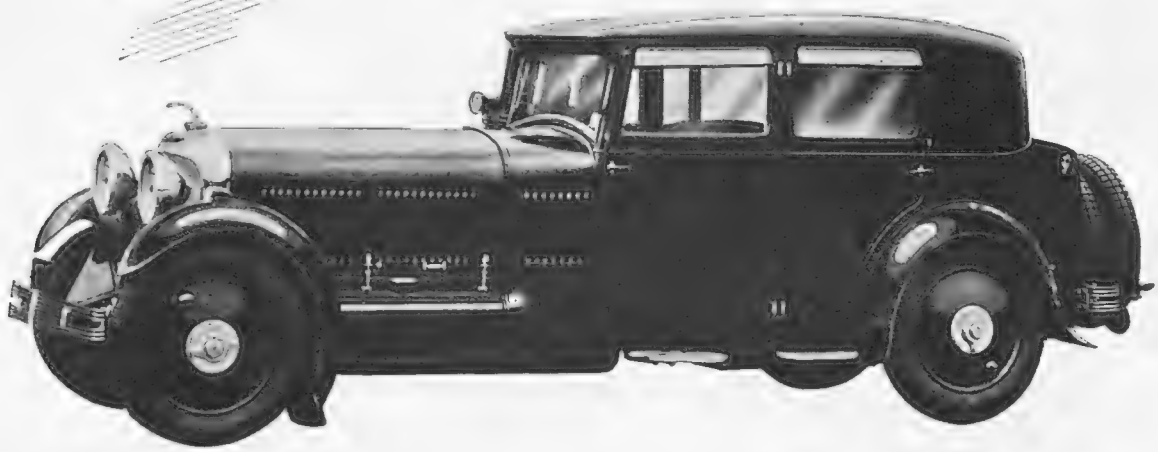

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Northern Sales Depot
3, Sandyford Road,
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Telephone: Regent 6911.

CORK STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

Telegrams: 'Benmotlim, Phone, London.'

World Exporters
Rootes Ltd.,
Piccadilly, W. 1.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 582)

A Wolseley six-cylinder car at an Indo-Afghan frontier post in the Khyber Pass. It is one of a number supplied to the Indian military authorities

And—what is more important—experience gained on the racing track should and does have a very definite influence on future design and construction.

***

WHEN your car is in need of the vet. you do not want to drive miles to a service depot. Too often the London motorist discovers that the official "London" service depot for his particular make of car is miles away in the suburbs, so that delivering the car for repairs or overhaul wastes half a day, or possibly more. The depot itself is often a palatial establishment, but this will hardly console you for a wasted morning and the prospect of an exasperatingly slow journey home by 'bus or tram, with this lengthy process reversed when you go to retrieve the car again. The Standard place is an exception and a very noteworthy exception. Anyone who has had the good fortune to be shown round it will have learned that it is never wise to judge by the outside only. For a less imposing entrance than that of 149, Lupus Street, Victoria, S.W.1, would be difficult to imagine. But inside it is a veritable beehive of activity, where every kind of repair or adjustment can be undertaken, including completely re-upholstering or repainting the car either in cellulose or paint and varnish. This modest entrance in Lupus Street conceals no less than 2 acres of floor space within.

***

WHEN marine motorists apply for outboard engine catalogues they are sometimes presented with a sheaf of loose sheets of varying sizes, which makes it difficult for them to "get down to brass tacks." This cannot be said to apply to the Elto concern, whose latest catalogue of outboard motors has just reached me. It is a splendid production and gives the fullest information in an interesting and attractive style. Readers who care to apply to the company—the Elto Motor Sales Co., 24, Harrison Street, London, W.C.1—may obtain a copy free of charge.

E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT, No. 21: DOUBLE DECLUTCHING

PRESUMABLY every driver with any pretensions to skill is familiar with the routine of double declutching. If any reader has not yet learned the knack, he should set about doing so without delay, as until he can perform this evolution he will always be liable to have difficulty in changing gear, and to damage the gears, perhaps seriously. In brief, double declutching, when changing down, is done as follows: Push the clutch out; put the gear lever in neutral; re-engage the clutch; rev. up the engine (practice will show how much); declutch again and immediately engage the lower gear; finally let in the clutch as soon as possible, again revving up the engine as you do so.

After practice this may be reduced to two jabs at the clutch pedal, appropriately timed to coincide with the movements of the gear lever, without taking one's foot off the accelerator. After further practice changing down may be done without touching the clutch at all.

"... a wonderful escape due to Triplex ..."

MANCHESTER.
June 12, 1929.

Messrs. Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

Whilst motoring across one of the main thoroughfares of Manchester one evening last week, I had a very bad accident with my car.

Had it not been for the Triplex Glass with which my car (1929 Morris Coupe) is fitted, I should undoubtedly have received very serious injuries, which might easily have been fatal.

I do not think there is a single pane which is not completely wrecked.

I feel very fortunate in having such a wonderful escape due to the Triplex fittings.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) .....

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd -and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex: look for the 3 X's in a circle: this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

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Sun-kissed seas—the beauty of coral isles—the pirate-haunted history of the "Spanish Main"—these are yours on this splendidly leisured cruise. You see Bermuda and the Bahamas, with their gleaming white coral houses—Havana, with its magnificent Prado—Jamaica, old-time head-quarters of bold bad buccaneers—Panama, with its famous canal—the sky nestling republic of Venezuela—Trinidad, land of humming birds, Barbados, home of the flying fish, Porto Rico, that lovely tropical island—and then home *via* beautiful Madeira.

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AUTUMN WILDFOWLING

SHOOTING NOTES
By "CLODHOPPER"

At this season of the year the main topic of conversation amongst shooters centres round that most sporting little game-bird, the partridge. Residing, as I do, in the heart of some of the best partridge shooting in the Midlands, I have no hesitation in predicting that, notwithstanding the disastrous breeding season of two years ago, when scarcely a shot was fired on many of the most important manors, some "bumper" bags of the "little brown bird" will be made when the last of the standing corn is reaped and carried, and the coveys have waxed sufficiently strong on the wing to render "driving" sportingly feasible.

The coveys are both numerous and unusually strong fliers, but there still remains a fair number of "squeakers" which fall a ready prey to the guns of the pot-hunting sportsmen.

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But it is of early wildfowling that I write in this present article. This fine, essentially healthful and unartificial branch of shooting is usually associated with severe wintry weather. In looking through the pages of old shooting diaries, however, I find that some of my most enjoyable days with duck and waders on the marshes and saltings have been during mid- and late autumn. One of the most fascinating sides of shore-shooting lies in studying the movements of the various species of wildfowl in their natural habitat through a pair of field-glasses, and in noting the arrival of the foreign wild geese, ducks, widgeon and waders from their circumpolar breeding haunts. The wild duck which find their way into the marsh and flight-shooters' bag during September are mainly home-bred birds, but about the second week in October widgeon in their tens of thousands begin to invade the north-east coast of Scotland and gradually work their way down to the more southerly feeding grounds. The first flights of migratory woodcock also occur between the 12th and 15th of October, the latter birds landing on the shores of the Wash and along other parts of the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coast in such an exhausted and starved condition as to be scarcely worthy a cartridge. Twenty-four hours' foraging among the gullies of the saltings and marsh-dykes, however, restore them to their normal state of plumpness.

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I have just received a report from a 'fowling friend to the effect that quite a lot of mallard and curlew have already resorted to the celebrated 'fowling grounds of the Humber and the Wash. Also that some considerable flights of bar-tail godwits, knot, and other shore birds have been observed in the same marshy districts. The arrival of the latter birds on our shores is indicative of the fact that the migratory season has already commenced. It therefore behoves those of us who purpose taking an occasional by-day with wildfowl, as a change from partridge shooting, to look up our 'fowling-kit and overhaul the 3in. chambered 12-bore—the best all-round gun for shore and flight shooting.

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From the Humber's mouth to the most easterly point of the Kent coast and thence round to the Solent there are immense stretches of saltings, ooze-flats, sand-banks, and tidal estuaries which form the autumn and winter habitat of both grey and black geese, wild duck of various species, curlew, whimbrel, plover, and, indeed, practically every variety of wading or shore-bird indigenous to Great Britain.

Many of the 'fowling-grounds in question are open to the punt-gunner and shore-shooter without "let or hindrance," though in some cases the salt-marshes and foreshores are the property of the owners of the cultivated marshes lying inside the sea-walls.

Such saltings are known as "manorial rights," and although the owners seldom raise any objection to reputable sportsmen shooting upon these gully-intersected salt-marshes—providing any stray partridges or hares are not interfered with—one should, out of common courtesy, obtain a permit to shoot wildfowl upon them.

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But, as mentioned above, there is a very long stretch of coast line for the hardy amateur wildfowler to exploit with a "Magnum" 12-bore and a well-trained retriever or spaniel.

There is not, of course, the splendid 'fowling to be had to-day as that which the old fenmen and marshmen were wont to enjoy prior to the draining and reclamation of a wide area of water-logged lands upon which now flourish rich crops of wheat and barley.

Less than a century ago the districts round the Wash formed a perfect paradise for the naturalist-sportsman and the angler.

To quote the words of a sporting contemporary of 1881: "Fifty years ago, Whittlesea and Ramsey (both places now stand well inland) could boast of their famous meres. Where now, in autumn, wave broad leagues of corn, the shallow water stretched for many a mile, the reed-beds teeming with wildfowl, while carp and tench, pike and bream were abundant in the clear water below. Then, one 'fowler could in a single day take scores of ruff and reeve, grebe or mallard."

The reclaiming of these now fertile corn-growing lands drove countless numbers of waterfowl, waders, and many species of the more interesting and rare migratory birds to other homes, Holland, probably, receiving her full quota of the feathered refugees.

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The estuary of the Essex Blackwater can boast the heaviest shot at black (brent) geese recorded in the annals of shooting. It was during the hard winter of 1871-72 that a dozen or so local punt-gunners, having observed an enormous herd of brent-geese feeding on the ooze-banks within the mouth of the Blackwater, agreed to make an organised and combined attack upon the birds, just as the latter were densely packed on the last patch of feeding-ground left by the rising tide.

Having set up to within range of the fowl in their low, narrow, and light draught gunning punts, the men aimed and fired their great stanchion guns by signal, with the result that 300 geese were actually gathered after the shot.

Topical

The Count d'Hazambure, who, with a party of French noblemen, is shooting grouse on Craig Moor, Aberdeenshire

MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY SHOOTING NOTE

PROPORTION OF KILLS TO CARTRIDGES

The finest shooting articles that ever have been, or ever will be, written were those contributed to the "Badminton Magazine" some thirty odd years ago. And the most interesting of all were some disjointed notes and memoranda giving various opinions, experiences and advice on the kills-to-cartridges problem. Among my treasures is a complete set of cuttings. Stored with them are contemporary letters, including one of 11 pages from a celebrated Suffolk landowner, also the autograph verdict of the late H. Rimington Wilson, with others of almost equal note, unfortunately, all marked "not for publication." Till the embargo is removed summary alone is permissible. By all the best shots some wonderful proportions have been scored, but when conditions suddenly become adverse "the number of cartridges used increases at once enormously." The rule for effective shooting is to disregard averages entirely; celerity and frequency of fire is the one sure road to success and the gaining of the reputation it brings. The hallowed ethics of the sport must be known and observed; but, observing them, the shooter has tremendous margin for emulating the kettle-drum.

BY JORGEN MYLLER

THE COLD SHOULDER

In Every Field of Sport
Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6d 20 for 11½d ALSO 5 for 3d

FASHION'S FANCIES

Simplicity of line is used as a foil for the gorgeousness of this Liberty chiffon velvet wrap. It is of a dull pink, ornamented with scintillating gold stencilling in a Venetian design, the collar and cuffs being of soft brown fur

On the left is a gown which shows to perfection the beauty of black ring velvet which has been draped by an artist. It is sponsored by Liberty's, of Regent Street. The bold pattern on the corsage is stencilled in copper and antique metal nuances, and the skirt is lined with flesh-coloured georgette

FURS ARE WOMEN'S STAUNCHEST ALLIES

Russian Sables with Jewelled Eyes

FEW women are fortunate enough to possess sable, the prerogative of the very wealthy, but at least the majority of them acquire the most luxurious furs they can afford, and in this they show great wisdom, for by them their attractiveness is enhanced in a way that is almost miraculous. Nothing could be more lovely than a single-skin Russian sable tie which was shown at Revillon Frères. It was exquisitely shaded, and, not content until perfection had been achieved, it boasted eyes of real topaz. Its cost was computed at somewhere in the neighbourhood of £300, while the price of an eight-skin Russian sable stole was rather more than £1,000, and a magnificent coat was valued at £8,000.

The Beauty of Broadtail

BROADTAIL is being used extensively. It is extremely soft and lustrous, and drapes very gracefully, lending itself to slender lines and intricate workmanship. Caracul is also greatly favoured, for it has the added virtue of dyeing particularly well. In "noisette," a new and becoming brown, allied with mink or unplucked beaver, it is the epitome of elegance. Subtle shades of brown and beige are enjoying a great vogue. Even squirrel, the pale tones of which so flatter blondes, has succumbed to the general demand and is seen more often beige or sable dyed than in its natural state. Black broadtail and Persian lamb are usually combined with lighter-hued furs, ermine or mink with the former, and fox with the latter.

Capes, Muffs, and New Scarves

BRIDGE coats will have to look to their laurels this season if they are to retain their supremacy, for a serious rival has arisen in the form of quaint little fur capes distinctly reminiscent of the Victorian tippets which were once regarded as the hall-mark of refinement. In ermine and black broadtail they are fascinating, but they will also be seen in beige and sable squirrel, and in grey and brown moleskin, with velvet streamers. Triangular scarves made of flat-haired pelts will be worn with afternoon dresses, a particularly effective one being carried out in black caracul, banded and bordered with white, posed over a similar triangle made of satin. So supple was the fur, and so even its sheen, that at a little distance no difference was discernible between the two mediums. The comfort of a muff is undeniable, and their return is often tentatively suggested. It seems possible that women may accept them if, like a beige and sable squirrel one which accompanied an attractive stole, they are finished with an envelope flap so that they can be used as a handbag. A beautifully worked monogram completed the muff in question.

Regal Ermine for the Evening

ERMINE reigns omnipotent in the evening, the skins being worked with such consummate artistry that flares, godets, and dipping panels sway as lightly and gracefully as though they were fashioned of fine silk. Gone for ever are the days when certain leaders of Fashion rejected fur coats on the grounds that they made the figure appear bulky. The newest models conform in every detail to the latest dictates of La Mode, the pelts being pieced together in the sectional patterns which are a feature of cloth wraps. Revillon Frères showed some wonderful black velvet Redingotes, one of which had an enormous roll collar and muff cuffs of ermine, and a lining of white matt surfaced satin. Another beautiful three-quarter length coat, which was draped closely round the hips, was made of white and gold brocade patterned with large flowers. Sable squirrel was used for the generous collar, and for the drapery of the sleeves, which fitted the arm from shoulder to wrist, the fur forming a deep pouch which hung from the under seam, rather like the sleeves of a mandarin's robe.

Scotch tweed has been used for this admirably tailored Countyx coat, which has a slightly waisted effect, and is trimmed with a becoming collar of fur

Distinctive Afternoon Coats

AS has been said, sectional seams and tucks are seen on many cloth coats, great originality being shown in the treatment of the collars and cuffs. For instance, a brown-faced cloth wrap, slightly waisted and with two dipping panels at the back, had an upstanding collar of cocoa squirrel which looked almost exactly like a bat when seen from the back! The cuffs reached to just below the elbow, a crescent-shaped piece being taken out to reveal the cloth beneath. Really lovely was a simple coat of soft grey velours, the luxurious fox collar framing the head and almost meeting across the throat.

Linings are Very Interesting

LININGS are of the utmost importance, for they are carefully designed to accent certain lines or colour notes. Shaded ones, deepening from, say, a very pale mauve at the top to a rich purple at the hem, are popular, and quilted designs are used to ornament others. Nor is it only afternoon and evening coats that are treated in this way. Even leather garments have yielded to the spell, a particularly pleasing result being obtained by lining a blue leather coat, which had red panels and was trimmed with sheared grey rabbit, with a grey woollen fabric, on which a deep border was formed by cut-out pieces of red leather.

All-weather Tweed Coats

AN invaluable possession in these days, when wet weather is no longer an excuse for wearing out one's oldest and most disreputable garments, is a tweed coat which is absolutely weatherproof, and yet is smart enough for any occasion. Both these demands are amply fulfilled by the Countyx coat, which is admirably tailored in designs to suit every possible type. They are made in all the fashionable tweeds and in very attractive colours. They may be belted or unbelted, shaped at the waist, or loose fitting, enriched with fur, or have plain two-way collars. They may also be fur-lined. These coats are sold practically everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them a card should be sent to Countyx, Ltd., 16, Cannon Street, E.C., who will gladly forward the name and address of their nearest agent.

Let it rain or snow wear—

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FOR REFINED PEOPLE

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SUITES in Walnut, Mahogany, Lacquer, Satinwood, Enamel in English and Continental styles up to 350gns. Many originally costing over double.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS. Tallboy and shaped-front chests, corner washstands with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, Bow Fronted Wardrobes and Dressing Tables, 5,000 CARPETS AND RUGS, including Wilton, Axminster, Turkey, Persian, Chinese, Aubusson, etc. A quantity of pile carpet, offered 3s. 9d. yard (could make up to required sizes), a large number of square carpets in various designs from £3 3s. each.

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOMS, LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adams, the small complete suites including sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, &c., offered for 10 guineas, the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheelback Chairs at 5s.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, in covered morocco leather, heavy woven art tapestries, rich silk and a large quantity covered plain art linen, all being of excellent quality and in most cases equal to new. SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 35s. each. Small-size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS IN REAL HIDE 3gns. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS from £4 17s. 6d. to 12gns. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES 3gns. LARGE SIZE CHESTERFIELD AND OTHER SETTEES, many with loose down pillow seats and backs, from £7 15s. to 25gns.

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There's Melox Concentrated Meal (the all-round diet) and Melox Marvels (the little health biscuits). And, for a change of diet, there is nothing to equ' Buffalo Bars

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Give Melox Meal in the morning

MELOX DOG FOODS

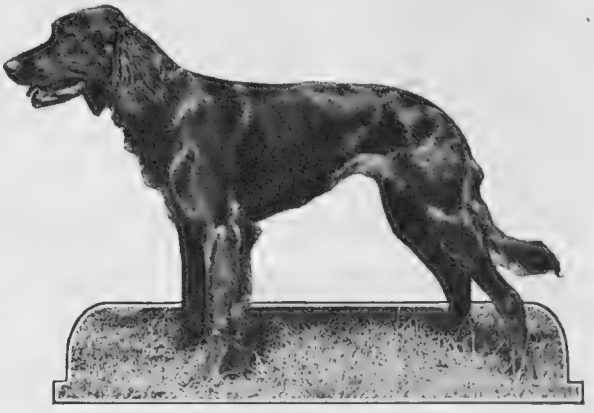
and Melox Marvels at night

Stuarts

DOGS

"THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND"

By "THE KENNELMAN"



Miss M. Weston's Irish Setter, Radiant Roma, at the show at Sandye Place, Bedford. It won three "firsts" and two "seconds"

TO-DAY (Wednesday) Ireland's big two-day Dog Show opens in Belfast, the benching and feeding being in the hands of Spratts; and Spillers bench and feed the Salisbury Canine Society's Show in that favourite doggy centre. Beautiful, old-world Thame has its Show on the 19th, and generally attracts some thirty thousand visitors. Barely a month hence comes the most important of all doggy events: the Kennel Club's 68th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace, and a week earlier is the Scottish Kennel Club's, in Edinburgh.

S

YOU remember the grim significance of the words: "The First Hundred Thousand," when Europe became an armed camp in '14? They have a vastly pleasanter association this year, as representing the astonishing membership record now reached by the Tail-Waggers' Club, that very thriving offspring of the National Dog Week, which only came into existence a year ago. It has already handed over some twelve thousand pounds to the Royal Veterinary College, which now needs about £20,000 for its Canine Departments and the endowment of a Professorship of Canine Surgery and Medicine. The G.H.Q. of the Tail-Waggers is 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4.

S

THAT enterprising journal, *The Dog World*, has made a notable success of its free insurance scheme for the Dogs of registered readers. True, no monetary payment compensates for the loss, in accidents and other ways, of one's Dog friends, but, especially for those who have several, including prize-winning celebrities, insurance is a real boon. Its rapid development is one of the signs of this year's doggy progress.

Miss A. C. Taylor with her prize-winning Old English Sheepdogs. They carried off several prizes at the Dog Show and Exhibition at the Park, Sandye Place

Photographs Sport and General

The NATIONAL DOG FOODS

Buy a bag of SPRATT'S for your dog to-day. Spratt's crisp, meaty biscuits and tasty meals appeal to every doggy palate—and do him the world of good. Inexpensive too—when you consider that they are the finest dog foods obtainable—anywhere. See the name and trademark X.

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Dog Food Manufacturers to His Majesty The King.

YOUR DOG'S HEALTH

depends more than anything else on his food and the *right food* need cost so little. For example, there are THOUSANDS of crisp particles of pure white biscuit and meat containing

MILLIONS OF VITAMINS

in a 5d. Packet of "Osoko," which is recommended by the Veterinary Profession and is a staple article of diet at all the leading Dog Shows benched and fed by Spillers.

"Osoko" is obtainable from Corn Merchants and Stores everywhere in packets, cartons and branded bags from 5d. upwards. Also sold loose by the pound. Write for a liberal free sample giving name and address of your usual dealer.

ENTERPRISE

In all matters pertaining to the welfare of dogs, Spillers enterprise is much in evidence. Their latest activity is in connection with the Piccadilly Garage Dog Creche, Denman Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Here in the heart of the West End of London is ample and ideal boarding accommodation for dogs, under expert supervision. Hotel Visitors to London will find the Dog Creche of the greatest convenience to them

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CHAMPAGNE

DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

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The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

AN AUTUMN CRUISE

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AN opportunity occurs to charter the above palatial auxiliary yacht, the property of His Grace the Duke of Westminster, which is now in full commission, with a Captain and Crew above the ordinary, in the Mediterranean, where delivery can be given at any convenient port. The accommodation consists of an exceptionally spacious main saloon, lounge, smoke-room, three private sitting-rooms, twelve single staterooms, and eight bath-rooms, two *en suite*. All the latter have hot and cold running water, and the bathrooms have hot and cold sea water in addition.

Twin-screw machinery of the highest class, and a full complement of auxiliary machinery for electric light, refrigeration, and all other domestic purposes. Marconi installation for sending and receiving radiograms up to approximately 5,000 miles.

The whole vessel is panelled in antique oak, and is beautifully furnished and appointed principally with genuine antiques. There are "Magicoal" electric fires, electric radiators, and the latest forced ventilation, introducing fresh air into all the living accommodation.

The vessel may be secured for an immediate charter on advantageous terms.

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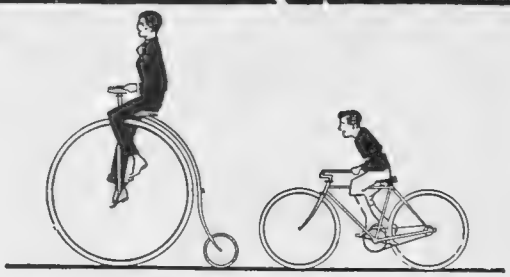
The PALL MALL YACHT AGENCY, 50, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. *Tel.:* Gerrard 6679. *Telegrams:* Yachtahed, London.

Warwick Wright Says



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is safest because it is lower in centre .. weight ..

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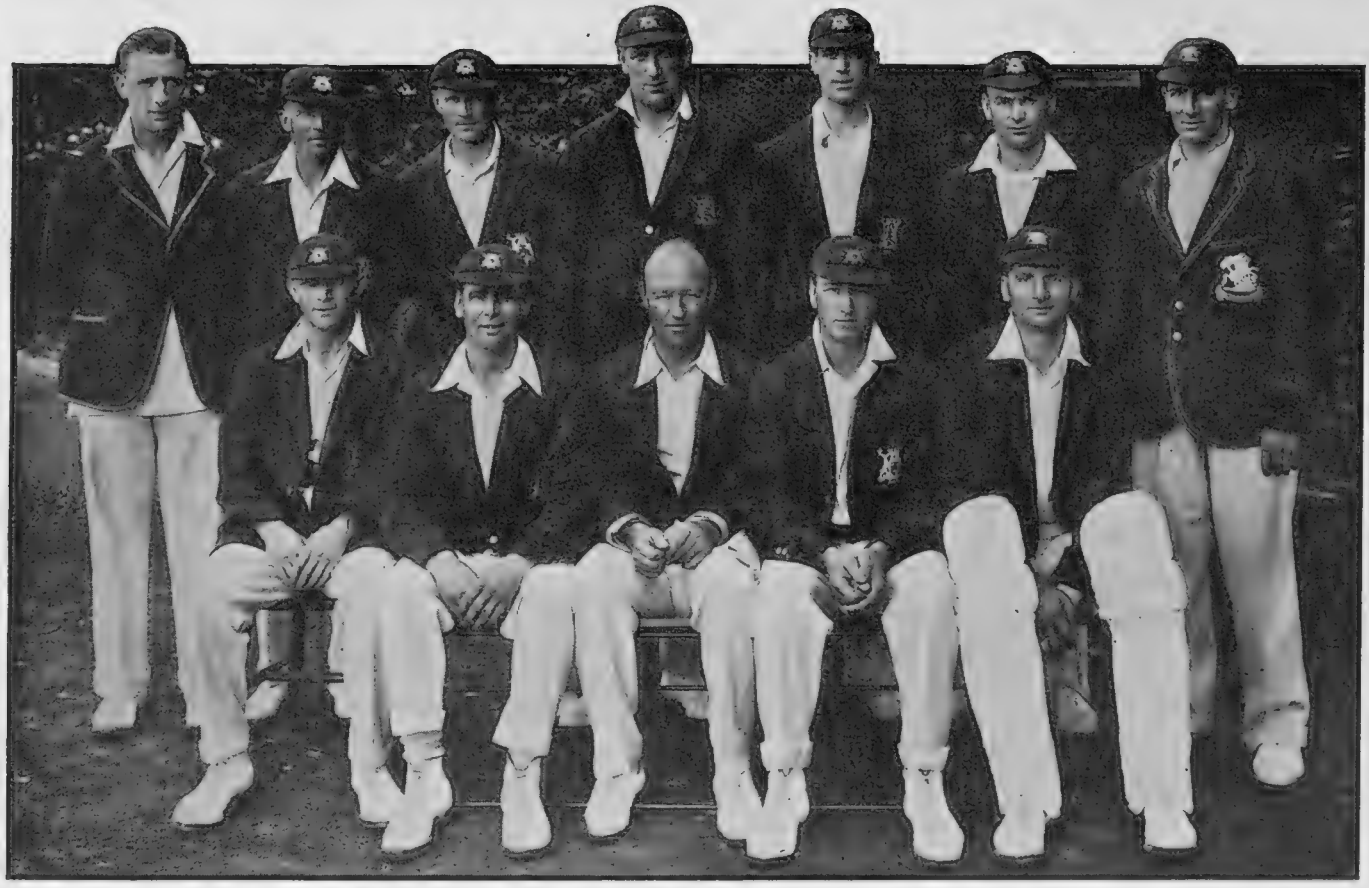
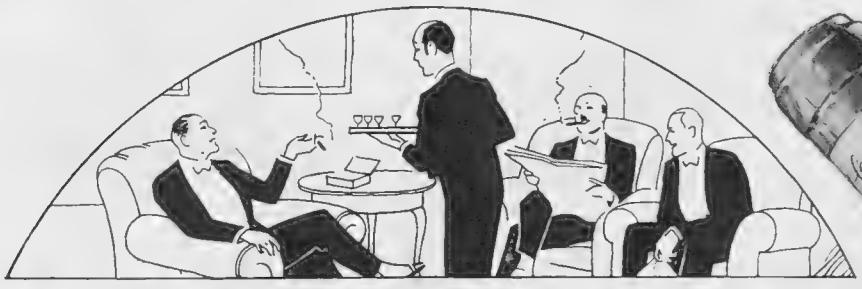


Sport and General

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—THE NEW COUNTY CHAMPIONS

The Notts county team, who have won the Cricket Championship this year. The group comprises—Standing: Shipston, the twelfth man (left), Gunn (G.), Walker, Barratt, Voce, Lilley and Larwood. Seated: Flint (left), Staples (A.), A. W. Carr (the captain), Whysall and Staples (S. J.)



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AT MODERATE PRICES

THE NEW CAMI-KNICKER in reliable pure silk crêpe de Chine, an exact copy of a recent Paris model, made in our own workrooms, long straight bodice, and flat pleated skirt with new opening at back, trimmed with dainty lace. In black, cherry, orange, pink, white, biscuit, cyclamen, mauve.

PRICE

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Also in heavy quality washing satin beaute in the same colourings.

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SYMPHONY

FOR HARMONY IN THE HOME

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Salmon-Sauce Ravigotte

BOIL a nice cut from the centre of the fish, and serve with a sauce made by moistening 1 oz. of butter stirred till smooth with ½ oz. of flour, and then mixed with half a pint of the liquor in which the fish was cooked, and half a gill of Chablis or any white wine. Bring this to the boil, and when well blended stir in about 1 oz. of ravigotte butter, viz., ¾ oz. of fresh butter which has been pounded till smooth with equal parts of chives or shallot, parsley, tarragon and chervil, a seasoning of salt, pepper, and yolk of egg stirred in at the last moment.

Kidney Omelette

FIVE eggs, two sheep's kidneys, one small onion, 2 oz. of butter, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of gravy, seasoning. Break the eggs into a basin and beat well, skin the kidneys and slice them finely. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan, when hot put in the onion, peeled and minced, fry a few seconds, then put in the kidneys, toss them over the fire for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over the flour, moisten with the gravy, reheat and keep hot, season the eggs, add the milk. Melt the remainder of the butter in an omelette pan, pour in the mixture and make an omelette in the usual way. When ready to fold, put the kidney in the centre, then fold in and shape neatly, colour the omelette, and turn out on a hot oblong dish, pour the gravy round, and serve at once.

A September Menu

ICED MELON.

SALMON-SAUCE RAVIGOTTE.

KIDNEY OMELETTE.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN WITH OLIVES

or

COLD GROUSE PIE.

STUFFED AUBERGINES

PINEAPPLE SPONGE.

COFFEE.

Fricassee of Chicken with Olives

CUT a chicken into joints, fry them in olive oil or butter in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot; let this cook a little, then moisten with some brown stock and well-seasoned sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Cold Grouse Pie

LINE the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne and black pepper, pour in some stock, and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg and bake one hour. The backbones and trimming from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

Stuffed Aubergines

BOIL the aubergines until tender (twenty to twenty-five minutes) and then halve them lengthways. Scoop out the pulp carefully, sieve it, and mix it with some fine breadcrumbs, a *very* small minced onion, and one or two chopped mushrooms, salt, pepper, and some oiled butter. Fill the skins with this mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and oiled butter, and bake in a moderate oven until browned.

Pineapple Sponge

HALF a pint of grated pineapple, ½ oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 oz. of sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice and a little water, then put it into a saucepan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Leave to cool, first adding the sherry, and when almost cold add the whipped whites of eggs, and pour into a mould to set.

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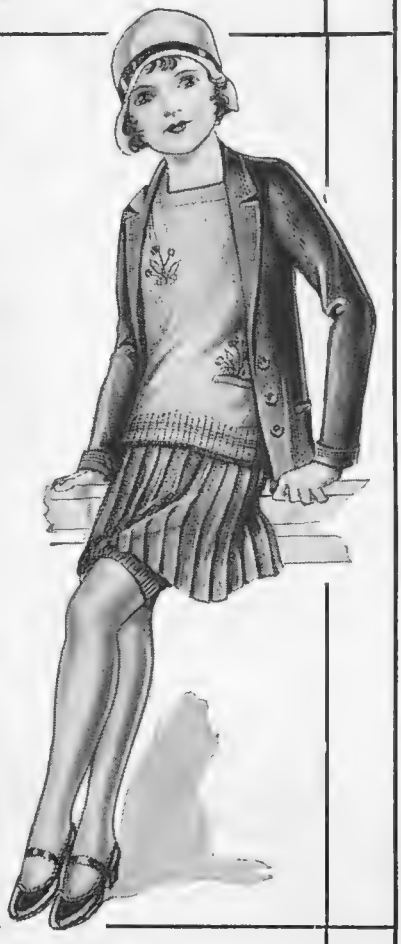

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BURGESS' ANCHOVY EGGS

BURGESS' RECIPE

Well beat two eggs and add a large tablespoonful of cold milk. Melt 1 oz. of margarine or butter in a saucepan, pour in the eggs and stir over a gentle heat until they become very thick, but do not let them boil. Add about a teaspoonful of **Burgess' Anchovy Essence** and pepper to taste. Serve on pieces of hot buttered toast.

THE ORIGINAL ANCHOVY FIRM ESTABLISHED 1760

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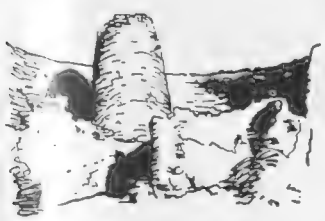

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in the heart of primitive Africa, yet easily reached.

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Zimbabwe is easily reached by luxurious steamers and splendid trains. A modern hotel on the spot.

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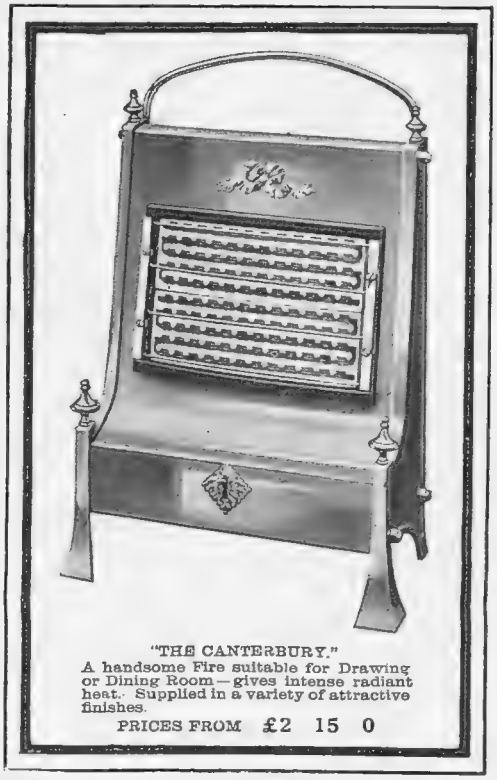

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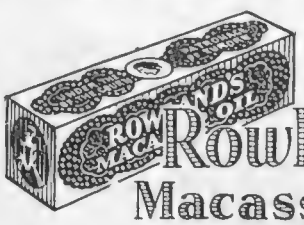

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TO ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS.

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Goddard's Plate Powder

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Hague Conference

At the final meeting the agreements dealing with the Rhineland evacuation were signed by the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany with a gold "Swan" fountain pen. Mr. Henderson, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, afterwards handed the "Swan" to M. Jaspar, the Belgian Premier and President of the Conference, asking him to accept it as a souvenir of a great occasion, stating that he would see that it was suitably inscribed.

New Dance Records

The "His Master's Voice" New Mayfair Dance Orchestra have made two records of the four latest dance steps for the coming season. To ensure perfect tempo and style the recording was personally supervised by Miss Josephine Bradley, the fox-trot champion of the world for five successive years, and her partner, Mr. Wellesley Smith, the famous judge of competitions. The tunes are the waltz, "Parted," from the film "Kitty"; the slow fox-trot, "Dream Mother"; the lively quick-step, "All I Want is 'Ittle Ootsie Oo"; and the new six-eight, "That Monte Carlo Song." The last-named promises to become the rage of the dancing world. The records, which sell at three shillings each, are numbered B.5675 and 5676.

National Dog Week

The second National Dog Week, organised by the National Dog Week Council, under the presidency of Lord Chesterfield, is to be held from September 22 to September 28. All over the country dog lovers are uniting in the greatest effort ever made to educate dog owners in their responsibilities towards their dogs and the general public. The week will be one of nation-wide propaganda, and its effect will be the betterment of doggy conditions, a great step towards the abolition of intentional and unintentional cruelty towards dogs, and generally a better understanding of the dog and his needs. Apart from its educational and propagandist aims, the Second National Dog Week has for its object the raising of the final £10,000 for the Royal Veterinary College Canine Diseases Appeal Fund (the rebuilding of the dilapidated Canine Section of the Royal Veterinary College, which will enable them to cope with the immense amount of work done for the suffering animals of the poor, and the endowment of a Chair of Professorship in Canine Medicine and Surgery). As a result of the last National Dog Week the first £10,000 was raised, and as soon as the minimum of £20,000 has been reached through this year's effort the most needed thing in dogdom today will have been put on a working basis—a specialised enquiry into the many obscure dog diseases which are yearly taking an increasing toll of British dogs, and a consequent minimising of canine suffering and mortality. Our readers can render the National Dog Week Council the greatest possible assistance. They can organise local effort in their own towns, or merely assist in the immense amount of propaganda work required throughout the country. The only qualification necessary is a love of dogs, for the National Dog Week Council, of 37-38, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, will be only too pleased to give the fullest possible particulars of what they require their voluntary workers to do. Offers of assistance should be sent to the above address.

Canadian Pacific

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, who this year made a four-day ride from Banff to Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp. They are seen breakfasting upon the second day of their trip to Sunshine Camp

As fresh as a Summer Dawn

THERE'S a real pleasure in washing with Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap after a hard-fought set on the courts. Quickly it yields up a flood of gently-cleansing, invigorating, antiseptic lather, which speedily banishes fatigue and restores your energy, leaving you as fresh as a summer dawn. Remember, too, that sun- and wind-kissed skins need a soap that is gentle and soothing as well as refreshing. And you can rely with confidence on the purity of

Calvert's CARBOLIC Toilet Soap

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Millinery

First Floor

565

565. Matron's Hat of Felt trimmed with Panne and Velvet stitched leaves in contrasting shades. In black and beige, navy and beige, brown and beige; also all black. Head-sizes: 7 and 7¼. **30/-**

566

566. Smart close-fitting Felt Hat, artistically trimmed with braid wings in contrasting shades. In black, navy or brown. **60/-** In small, medium and large Head-sizes.

567

567. Becoming lightweight Velour Hat, daintily stitched, finished with Ribbon, Velour band and buckle. In brown, chestnut, blue, antelope, black and other colours. Head-sizes: 6¼, 6¾ & 7. **35/9**

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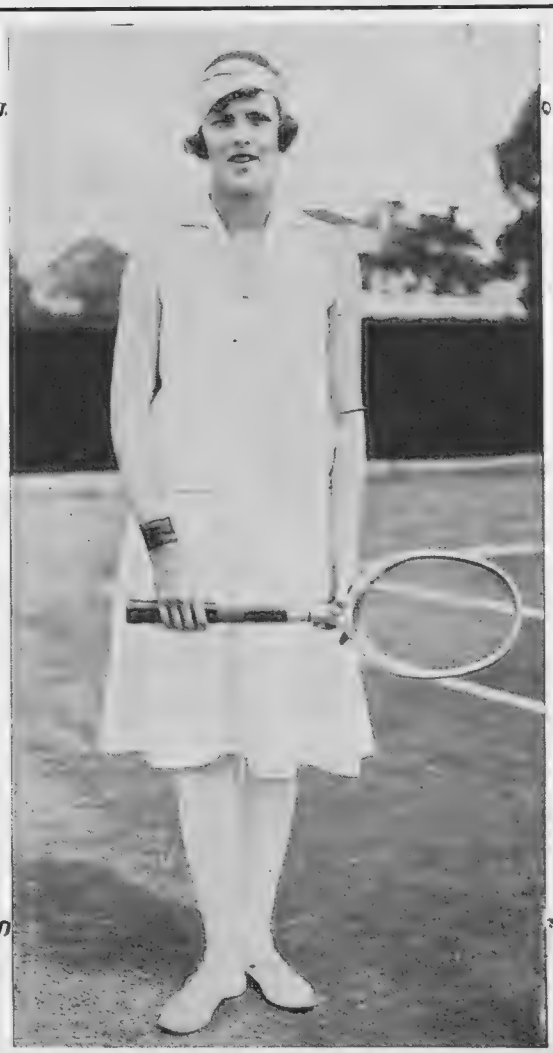

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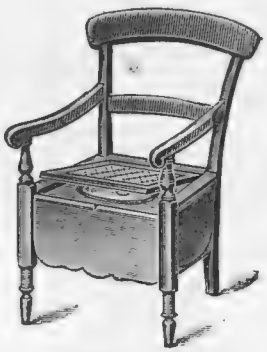

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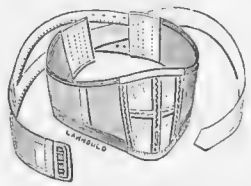

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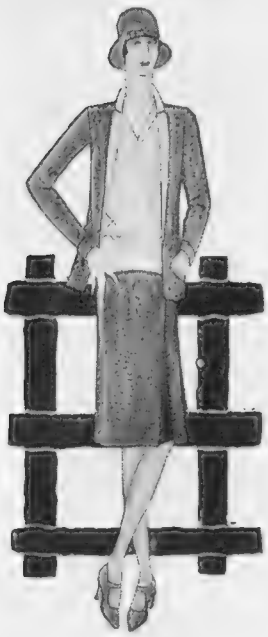

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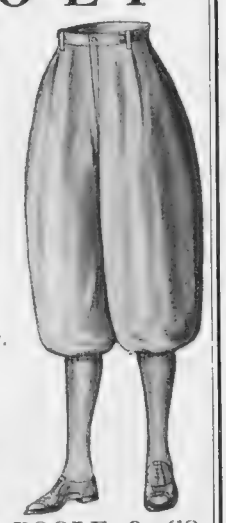

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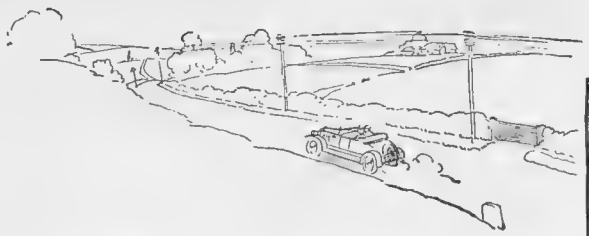

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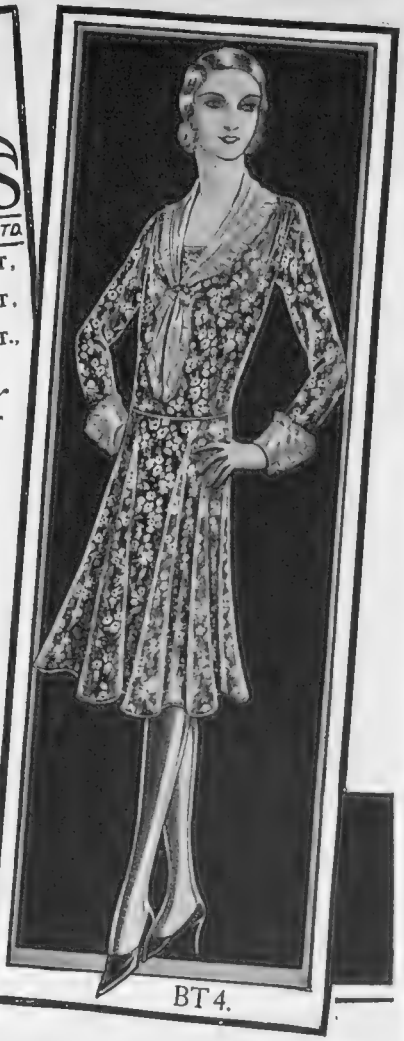
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